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THE FIELD
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by
SSIONER.

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Craik, Chatham, N.B.
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C.B.B. (40); Manchester
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THE WAR CRY

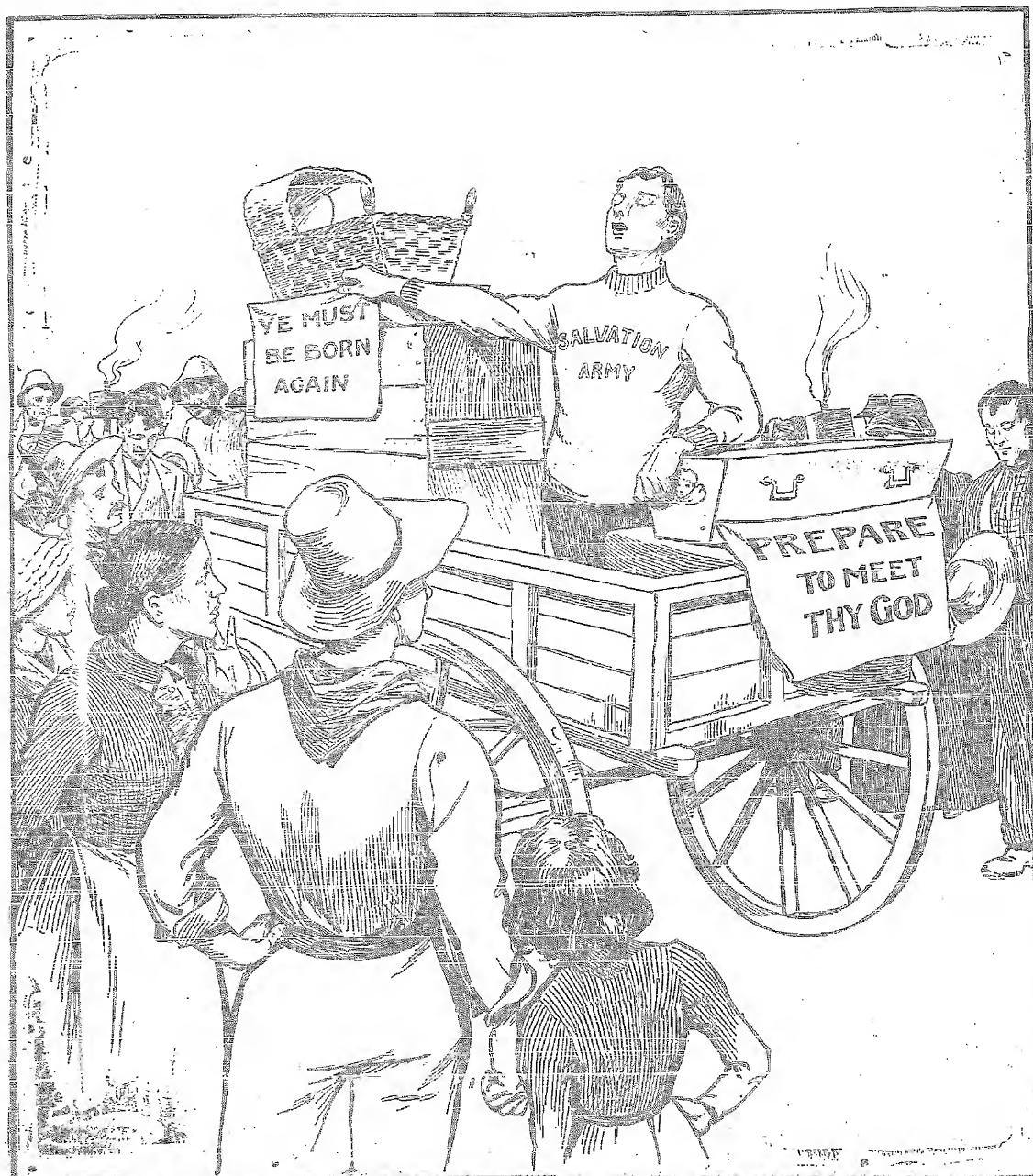
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T. B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

2nd Year. No. 39.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1906.

Price 2 Cents.



A FIELD OFFICER'S OPEN-AIR TACTIC.

(See page 4.)

THE WAR CRY.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Genesis iv. 9.

We are each his brother's keeper
In this world of sin and pain;
We are called to keep each other
Without thought of worldly gain.
We are called to bear the burdens
Of each other when in need.
Showing daily many tokens
Of our love, by word and deed.

We are each his brother's keeper,
Each responsible, we're told,
For the wrong we do each other,
And the good we oft withhold:
For our faithfulness in warning.
Those who may be lost in sin;
Pleading, praying, and believing,
Till the Saviour takes them in.

We are each his brother's keeper,
Are we faithful to our trust?
Are we praying for each other,
As the Bible says we must?
Are we loving one another
With that pure, unselfish love
Manifested by our Master,
Who is now in realms above?

We are each his brother's keeper,
Soon our life will pass away,
And we all must meet our Maker
In that awful Judgment Day.
Let us then, be true and faithful
To the trust our God has given,
Ever striving to be helpful,
Till we leave this earth for heaven.

P. N. Eason.

Converted at Brandon.

Among a number seeking salvation at a recent Sunday night meeting was a man of culture and refinement, who, alas! had been dragged down by that demon strong drink. Born in Scotland of good parentage, a graduate of Glasgow University, a medical student of three years' standing, and a professor of music, yet with all his attainments, oh, how many years of his life had been worse than wasted in sin and wrong doing. He served his Queen and country in South Africa during the Boer war, and also spent some considerable time in far away India. His life in the west has been one of sin and dissipation; but, bless God, the chains of sin have been broken, and our brother has taken his stand for God. We confidently hope and trust ere long to see him enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag. Truly we may say, What hath God wrought! He is able and willing to save all that come unto Him. Hallelujah!—Chas. H. Bryce.

Mother's Sorrow.

What a common, yet guilty, error is self-engrossment; and yet how many opportunities of kindness and sympathy escape by that channel?

A touching story came to notice recently. On a somev at crowded sleeping-car, traveling westward in the States, a man, with a weary step, moved up and down the corridor vainly striving to comfort the pitiful, innocent wail of a baby boy, upon whom he showered caresses unavailingly. All the passengers had retired and doubtless were trying to catch the slumber which both he and the child needlessly had, too. The mournful cries jarred discordantly upon them, and little dreaming their actual cause, one after another selfishly entered a vigorous protest.

A woman's shrill falsetto, whose first nap was thus interrupted, piped out indignantly: "Take that child out of the car!"

The remark opened the way for a second to voice the sentiment, "This is a gross imposition; where is the conductor?" to which a chorus of assent came from several berths.

Suddenly another male passenger, whose snores for over an hour had been sounding various notes of the scale, awoke, and joined the debate: "Why don't you take that child to its mother?"

This suggestion was the "last straw." The poor father, whose distress at his incompetency to soothe his child was deeper than all the discomfort occasioned to others, drew the tiny inconsolable babe closer to his bosom, while tears overflowed his eyes, as he replied: "Indeed, I would take the baby to his mother if I could—God knows how dearly I would do so—for he has not ceased to cry since we

left her—but I cannot. Her body lies in a casket in the baggage car behind us, and we are taking her back to the old home, where she may sleep until Jesus comes. The baby misses the touch of her hands—and, oh, we both miss her so much!" Sobs broke his utterance and the wells of sympathy were unstopped in every fellow-passenger's heart. Apologies and expressions of sorrow were coupled with offers of help, and the motherless babe was cuddled up by a motherly hand and soon soothed to sleep.

Every heart has some hidden sorrow and those who would minister blessing must rise above self-concentration and carry a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."

Some South African Incidents.

Writing from Middleburg, Cape Colony, our special correspondent gives us some very interesting information concerning the progress of the work there. Three of our military comrades, who were converted in the South African mission, but felt led to join the Salvation Army, linked themselves on to the six Military Leaguers lately arrived from Bermuda, and thus was formed the nucleus of a corps. Now they have officers to lead them on and the soldiers' roll numbers fifteen. Besides this, there are fifteen recruits and ten converts who are all doing well.

The Man Who Couldn't Climb the Ladder.

Amongst the converts was an ex-officer of the Salvation Army, who had been a backslider for nineteen and a half years. He attended one of the meetings, and the officer in charge solemnly entreated the people present to review their past life and consider what of good they had accomplished. The conscience of this man was aroused, and he went out under deep conviction. By trade, he was a painter, and the next day he went to work as usual. He was engaged at painting the side of a shop. As he began to climb the ladder the Lord spoke to him and he seemed to hear a voice plainly say, "Jenkins, what about the past twenty years of your life, what have you done with the opportunities I gave you? Where are you now?" He tried to shake off the impression made upon him and attempted to proceed up the ladder, but it was no use, he couldn't stir a foot. He knew it was the Lord speaking to him, and so, after a short struggle, he knelt down on the ground at the foot of the ladder, and there, surrounded by paint-pot and brushes, he gave his heart once more into the keeping of his Father. The joy of God's salvation was restored to him there and then, and he now rejoices to know that he is pardoned.

As a sequel to the incident, the corps officer, Ensign Williams, discovered that the recently-restored backslider was Lieutenant at the corps where she herself had been enrolled as a junior, twenty years previously.

Wrote a Cheque for £5.

While the corps was holding an open-air outside an hotel the Ensign asked for a special collection for the purpose of providing new seats for the hall. A gentleman standing under the verandah called her over and wrote out a cheque for £5, saying as he handed it to her that he would sooner give to the Salvation Army than to any other organization, because he knew how much good they did with the money they received.

As Others See Us.

(Clipped from the Editorial of a Chicago paper.)

The good the Salvation Army does in this world cannot possibly be computed in dollars and cents. Those best able to judge can testify that every penny which charity gives through the Salvation Army is spent for charity and spent wisely. The hungry thousands fed by the Army tell the story of money spent. Other thousands clothed, housed, and helped in endless ways materially testify to the wise spending of money by the Salvation Army management. The great work of the Salva-

tion Army, as of all sincere religious movements, is far above money, far above the material plane. At night, with the world dark and no hope in sight, how many a wretched woman has been stopped on her way to the river and turned in the right direction by a woman of the Salvation Army? How many drunkards have been turned from the saloon toward home by the men and women of that Army? Every newspaper reporter can testify to the work that the Salvation Army does. Where men unarmed are afraid to go you will find the Salvation Army women earnestly at work, protected only by the severe dress of the Army, with a purpose that is clear and holy even to the most depraved man or woman. The Salvation Army has stimulated hope, good resolutions, belief in this life and in another life among millions of human beings. It has stimulated the charitable impulse among thousands. The man who slanderously questions or criticizes such an organization, who fails in appreciation of the work freely done by such loyal, devoted workers, might better look into his own conscience and motives, and ask himself how good an account he can give of either.

What Japanese Editors Say.

The Editor of the "Iohoku Shim bun," after an interview with Colonel Bullard, writes:—

"The commander of the Salvation Army in Japan has come to Sendai to try and save the girls of the famine-stricken districts in the North-East.

"The Colonel said he knew that bad men had come to the famine district to get hold of the girls. To feed the starving was, of course, most important, and this was already being done by many friends and sympathizers. The Army was now going to do something which was not being done by anyone else, namely, to save young girls from being forced to lead a life of sin and shame.

"This will be a great relief to the poor people concerned. During the Colonel's stay at Fukushima three girls were thus rescued. One of them, aged fourteen, had been sold for five yen (\$2.50). This girl was sent to the Army's Headquarters in Tokio."

The "Fukushima Minpo."

The article on the same subject in the "Fukushima Minpo" is very striking:—

"Owing to the present distress many girls are in a sorrowful condition," writes this Japanese Editor. "Recently some men, more like devils, have come on the scene and are endeavoring to purchase girls for immoral purposes. Isn't it awful? We must try and save them from such a fate. At the same time many families are driven to the last extremity and can see no other alternative than to part with their daughters, although it is revolting to them. What can be done? We must oppose these people, and rescue the unfortunate girls."

"The Army's people were grieved to learn that such a traffic was going on in the famine district, and Colonel Bullard and Adjutant Yabuki and Cadet Otsuki came to Fukushima yesterday to see what could be done. These are honorable men from Tokio, and have brought letters of introduction from all the newspaper editors, and they went to several districts, and inquired about the condition of the people. Mr. Otsuki went to Osanaru in the snow, and extended great sympathy to the sufferers. Is not this something to be grateful for?

"The usual practice of the world is to turn a deaf ear to cries of help. Perhaps some will say, 'Who helps others without reward?' Pooh! The Salvation Army goes about crying, 'Who can we help?' and is spending its own money in rescuing these poor girls."

"Can we not apply the old proverb here and say, 'If a god forsakes us on the one hand, there is a god to help us on the other hand.'"

"So we say to all girls who cannot find work in the fanning district, Come to us without hesitation! The Salvation Army will help you."

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

AN APPEAL FOR CANDIDATES.

By the Chief Secretary.

*"The telescope is turned
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time in advance behind him hides its wings,
And seems to creep deceptively with his age;
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen?
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?
And all mankind in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career."*

—Ed. Young.

Writers and thinkers have tried to prognosticate the progress of the world and its condition some years hence. The immortal Rip Van Winkle, the hero of Washington Irving's fiction, went to sleep for only twenty years, when returning to his native haunts found people and things so altered that he was a stranger in a strange land. Other writers, since, have, in imagination, slept and awoke again in the dim distance to relate a fascinating story of a transformed world.

Fifty years—how quickly they will speed away! Time—its wings are longer, its pinions, swifter than any other, none can overtake it. Human beings race against time for a span and then sink exhausted on the track; but time does not stop to cast even a pitying glance upon its vanquished competitor; it ruthlessly rushes on and on towards the great ocean of eternity.

Fifty years hence what a change will be wrought. The majority of the population of this earth will have passed away. The youths and maidens of to-day will be the rizzled veterans of the sixties, while the blithsome men and women who have just attained their majority will be the septuagenarians of the year 1956.

The majority will not only be dead, but will be forgotten, except perhaps by their own very small circle. The world will not remember them; nothing will remain but a mound, or a lettered stone, to mark the spot where individuals have been laid, as Grey, in his immortal Elegy, says:

*"Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected high,
With undying thyme and snappish culture decked,
Imprints the passing tribute of a sigh."*

In fifty years the majority of young people now living will have passed on to God's judgment, and those remaining will be awaiting the summons on the threshold of eternity. How important that the fifty years, or any part thereof that they may be permitted to live, shall be well and truly lived. How can it be?

Money will occupy the thoughts of many, the sordid life of the busy mart and exchange will absorb most of their years. Knowledge will be the daily quest of others—a more worthy object surely. The possession of

earthly powers will entice others into the maze of politics, or the paths that lead to military fame. The world holds out her glittering prizes, and the ambitions of the young are enthused thereby. Fifty years hence the world's sinful promises will appear to the few living the baubles they are, and to the many dead the objects of bitter remorse. Money will not purchase ease of conscience. Knowledge will fade as memory dies. Earthly power is but for a fleeting moment—honor and fame, like flowers, will wither and die.

In fifty years, how will young men and women wish they had spent their lives? There is one answer: In the service of God and for others. This alone brings enduring satisfaction. This suggests another thought. Every Christian, and especially every Salvationist, should be seized with this realization. The young people of the Salvatoin Army are

of saving souls and winning the world to Christ. Yet so it is.

Fifty years hence, how bitter the disappointment. Should they succeed—amid the battle of an ordinary business life in retaining a measure of justification—they will, when their lives have become a retrospect, suffer a poignant and eternal regret.

How many aged Salvationists have said to the writer, "Oh, if I were but young again, I would gladly become an officer; I would desire nothing more." Some were definitely called, who refused to take up their crosses and thus were filled with bitterness of spirit.

If it were possible, in the light of fifty years hence, to speak individually to every youthful Salvationist, there could be but one message: "Give your coming years to the service of God for officership!" It may mean monetary loss, separation from friends and home, the sacrifice of worldly ambition, and with some possible fame; but what will it mean fifty years hence? If living, a blessed memory of a life spent for God and man, souls saved through your efforts—who rise and call you blessed. If dead, a glorious entrance into heaven and God's "Well done!" To-day the life of an officer may appear sacrificial, compared with worldly prospects: fifty years hence the comparison will be reversed. An urgent appeal is made to young people to present their lives to God for officership, and to do it now.

Through the General's Field-Glass.

The following rapid but comprehensive sweep of Army progress, appeared in the stirring message our veteran leader sent to the National Staff Congress gathered last month in New York. It should be a further stimulus to holy zeal and activity during these summer months:—

"In every direction throughout the world the dear Army flag, with the truths it represents, are winning their way. The pace is not equal to our wishes, but still real, solid advances are being made.

"Public feeling and opinion are turning toward us in every nation, whether civilized or not, in a most remarkable manner.

"Those labors which we describe as peculiarly missionary have in some countries, particularly in India and Japan, forged rapidly ahead.

"On this side the Atlantic real progress has been made in each of the continental nations, while Great Britain has had a remarkably prosperous year, on both the spiritual and social side of the war.

"Russia, Western Africa, China, Palestine, Hungary, and other important countries are knocking at our gates louder than ever, claiming for our advent amongst them, while Japan gives promise of a response in increased supplies of men and money such as the world has never seen since the days of Constantine."

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others.—Henry Drummond.

THE WAR CRY.

A Field Officer's Open-Air Tactics.

(To our frontispiece.)

"Ere 'e comes," whispers one as the priest of the underworld makes his appearance, but in a style that could not in the least be called ecclesiastical. In place of a horse he walks between the shafts of a trap, which is being pushed behind by a stout, thick-set

Brother, With a Face Like a Full Moon

—round, radiant, and restful. What have they got covered up in the open trap? We shall soon see, for they have stopped quite close to us, and the people begin to press forward, while the Captain lights a torch or two, and the usual ring is formed by the soldiers—the rescued and rescuers—with no outward distinction to assist identification, but meeting together under the banner of love with one divine purpose.

Soon the unveiling begins, and there, to the astonishment and evident pleasure of the bystanders, a little cradle is exposed to view. The wind rises, and, being placed high up on the end of a box, it begins to rock gaily in the breeze, reminding one of home and innocence, and causing sweet and tender memories to float before the mind's eye. A smile passed from one to another, and an old Devonshire woman, peering up at it with a pair of small, blue eyes, declared it "a pretty little thing." Then the Captain

Tacks a Banner on to the Rockets,

and we read the words, "Ye must be born again." The smile partly dies out, and one young girl with ignorant presumption explains to an elderly woman that he got that out of a book. She is positive, she affirms, that if she read it somewhere, though she can't think o' the name o' the book." The elderly woman accepts this, apparently no better informed than the girl.

But the Captain's uncovering something else. The folks press a little closer, and stretch their necks a little, only to fall back with something of a shock when a baby's coffin is seen, still and desolate looking in contrast to the happy, hopeful cradle. A weird sensation passes over us, as though our dearest and best had been suddenly snatched from our clinging hands.

"Disgraceful," said a woman, as she turned away with a jerk. "He'd oughter be ashamed of himself." But, ah! there was an unmistakable quiver in the voice, and the face bore the impress of many a burden. The little white coffin had probably

Called Up an Agonized Memory

—a sorrow of long ago.

"It's weel seen he's never been mairit himself," said an old Scotch woman, "or he wudna be puttin' up a show like yon t' mak' folk feel queer. Ha!" she groaned as a far-away look came into her eyes, "them 'at has lost, them kens."

Knock! knock! knock! The sensation is not pleasant, while the Captain tacks another banner to the coffin, bearing the words, "Prepare to meet your God."

All smiles have died away now, and a sea of quiet, serious, upturned faces greet the Captain as he turns to begin his meeting.

But perhaps the most thrilling of all is the old hymn-prayer of our childhood's days, which he sings as he kneels on the trap, with one elbow resting on the pure white coffin, and the other hand steadyng the rocking cradle. It is a young face that is turned towards God's fair canopy, and the words seem to fall naturally in holy gentleness.

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"

floats softly on the warm evening air, and the present seems to sink from view as the hallowed past rises up, and beloved ones long since gone home, at whose knees we knelt long ago, seem to beckon us away from sin and sorrow—from the unrighteous world and the soul-destroying Mammon.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Fain would serve Thee as I ought."

Native Work in Northern British Columbia.

By Brigadier Simerton.

A most interesting three weeks was spent on my welcome visit to the Native Work in Northern British Columbia, during which I had the pleasure of holding meetings at Port Essington, Port Simpson, and Glen Vowell, in addition to meeting the comrades of Anti-maul.

The Native Work is fascinating. To look into the glowing faces of the soldiers, visit



An Open-Air on the Sands at Margate, Eng.

their homes, some of which are models of cleanliness and neatness; hear them sing and pray (no playing at the business, but singing until every one has entered into the spirit of the song, and is joining in, heart and soul), to note their eagerness to wear the uniform, and recognize their zeal in speaking to their friends of Jesus' love, all very wonderful. But when it is remembered that only a few short years ago these same people were raw heathens, and even dangerous, living at enmity with each other, and continually engaging in tribal wars, it demonstrates in a special way the mighty power of God.

On every hand can be seen the peculiar totem poles in varying stages of decay, monuments of past potlatches and family crests. The Christians have literally come out from amongst the heathen and formed separate villages.

Contrast Between a Christian and a Heathen Village.

This is very striking. In the heathen villages the old tribal houses are still in use. These are large buildings without any partitions, in which perhaps a dozen families live; a wood fire in the centre, the smoke from which ascends through a hole in the roof, supplying the necessary heat and serving also for cooking purposes.

The witch doctor is still in evidence in a few places, and carries on his abominations. The graveyard, or cemetery, affords a most interesting study, for over each grave is built a wooden house, perhaps twelve feet square, nicely painted, with windows, etc., and inside is placed a trunk containing the dead person's clothes, food, water, etc., all in readiness, as they suppose, for the great resurrection morning. Even in their dark state they realize that "it is not all of death to die."

On the other hand, the Christian villages present a decided change. Each family lives in their own house, possess their own gardens, send their children to school, and conduct themselves exactly like white people.

On my recent visit to Glen Vowell the

comrades entertained Staff-Capt. Hay and myself by one day dressing themselves in their old clothing, painting their faces, putting on skins and feathers as of old. A more ferocious looking lot it would be difficult to imagine. The next day the same comrades came with their uniform on, as they now are, and the contrast was nothing short of marvelous. We were very much disappointed that, on account of the rain, we were not able to secure a photo of these two groups.

Glen Vowell.

Nearly a week was spent at Glen Vowell, looking over the saw mill, going into accounts, examining a proposed site for the mill, and where we could utilize water power, etc. Adj't and Mrs. Thorkildson, with Lieut. Miller are stationed there, and a great work has been accomplished. The village is one of the most, if not the most, creditable Indian villages on the Skeena River. When Adj't Thorkildson went in it was nothing but bush. It is situated nearly two hundred miles up the Skeena River. There is only one white man other than the missionaries within miles. The rise and progress of Glen Vowell would make a most fascinating story of missionary enterprise.

At Andimau excellent progress has been made, considering the short time we have been there. A splendid quarters was erected last winter, roofs made, and many houses built, and altogether it is a promising place.

At Essington, the great centre of the salmon fishing, or, as the natives call it, "Spok-shute," which means the "fall camping ground," a very different character of work is in progress. At this place the natives from the Hydah tribe, the Gitikshans, the Tsimshians, etc., all meet at certain times of the year for fishing, and at such times our barracks is crowded, and most enthusiastic and profitable meetings are held. Many have been won for God, who have returned to their own village and become missionaries of the cross.

Port Simpson, an Hudson Bay post, has the honor of being the place where the Army first commenced work; in fact, the place where the first missionary was stationed amongst the natives. It is a splendid village, and one of the most inviting locations on the coast. It is near Port Simpson, at a place called Kains Island, near Metlakatla, where the great Grand Trunk Pacific line of railway is expected to terminate.

The officers in the Native Work are a brave, patient, self-sacrificing band, and truly, they have need of great patience. The Indian soldiers can be taught the way of truth and righteousness, of industry and faith, only by consistent, loving, and patient dealing. They are anxious to learn and quick to imitate, but we cannot over-estimate the power of habits formed by many preceding generations.

A Man-Eater.

One dear fellow, a Sergeant-Major, who is now an interpreter and conducts meetings in his own village, as a young man qualified for the degree of a "man-eater." This, according to heathen ideas, is a great thing. If a man desires to be looked upon as a brave warrior, he can take certain degrees, such as a "dog-eater" or a "man-eater." Candidates for initiation into these degrees would live in the forest for a few days, then suddenly reappearing, dressed probably in skins, the crowd would fly at his approach. A few more daring than the rest, remaining, would hold out their arms, at which the candidate would fly, biting and eating pieces of their flesh. If the candidate was qualifying for the degree of a "dog-eater," a dog would be the victim.

What a mighty God we serve, One who can transform and convert such poor heathens as these into happy, earnest soldiers.

Our latest acquisition to the Native Work is Capt. Thos. Smith, late of Toronto. God bless him.

I have still to visit the Alaskan native comrades, of whom I hope to write later.

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.



British

The General's scribbled Scotch and Irish Friends 500 gathered at Clapton on a occasion was indeed the General's own record they had scored the results he had previous Minnie Reid, now mentioned that she seated at a meeting co in Glasgow twenty-one

The Chief

Once a month the Home and Territorial Officers at Clapton, these seasons are indeed valued beyond words. The last was characterized by the farewell four Indian Staff Officers — Brigadiers Muthiah and Vishwanath, and Majors Anand Bhai and Perera—who stay in England been an education them, and an inspiration to those privileged men and know the The Chief's address based on the stages God's work in a human soul was listened with rapture.

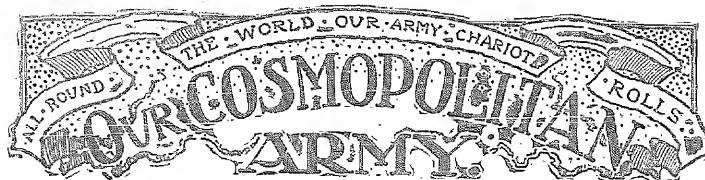
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To the Clapton public holiness meeting the historical Congregational Hall, presided by the Chief, was a rare night privilege. crowded congregations were manifestly under and truth penetrated. There were deliverance from

Mrs. Booth Opens a School for Women in India

Another stride for Women's Social Work acquisition of a very mansion in close proximity to the Palace. It is described from situation, the grounds by which it excellent finish in industrial equipment etc.

As far back as it opened a Rescue Home through the generous done creditable service since its limits became Booth felt it was quite boundaries, community presented, the Southwood being the opening took place stances, being largely sympathizers, chairman Tritton, Bart, accompaniment and Mrs. Booth his speaker. Perhaps forth more hearty and will gifts of the g

**British Triumphs.**

The General's series of councils for the Scotch and Irish Field Officers, for which some 500 gathered at Glasgow, were times of deep inspiration and blessing. That the occasion was indeed marked is guaranteed by the General's own remark that he considered they had scored "the best finish of any councils he had previously held." Lieut.-Colonel Minnie Reid, now in command of Ireland, mentioned that she was led to the mercy-seat at a meeting conducted by the General in Glasgow twenty-one years since.

The Chief of the Staff.

Once a month the Chief meets the Training Home and Territorial Officers at Clapton, and these seasons are indeed valued beyond words. The last was characterized by the farewell of four Indian Staff Officers—Brigadiers Mintabia and Vishram Das and Majors Anand Bhai and Perera—whose stay in England has been an education to them, and an inspiration to those privileged to meet and know them. The Chief's address, based on the stages of God's work in a human soul, was listened to with rapture.

To the Clapton public a holiness meeting at the historical Congress Hall, presided by the Chief, was a rare week-night privilege. The crowded congregation were manifestly under a divine spell, as light and truth penetrated old and young alike. There were forty surrenders from claimants for deliverance from the power of inbred sin.

Mrs. Booth Opens a New Industrial Home for Women in South London.

Another stride forward in the progress of Women's Social Work was marked by the acquisition of a very fine, commodious family mansion in close proximity to the Crystal Palace. It is described as an ideal spot, both from situation, the woody and spacious grounds by which it is enclosed, and the excellent finish in interior fittings for its industrial equipment of laundry, work rooms, etc.

As far back as 1860, the Salvation Army opened a Rescue Home at Upper Norwood, through the generosity of a friend, which has done creditable service to the Kingdom. Long since its limits became too narrow, and Mrs. Booth felt it was quite time to enlarge its boundaries, commensurate with the opportunity presented, the present establishment at Southwood being the result. The official opening took place under cheering circumstances, being largely attended by friends and sympathizers, chairmanned by Sir C. Ernest Tritton, Bart., accompanied by Lady Tritton, and Mrs. Booth herself being the principal speaker. Perhaps no announcement called forth more hearty applause than that the free-will gifts of the girls who had benefited by

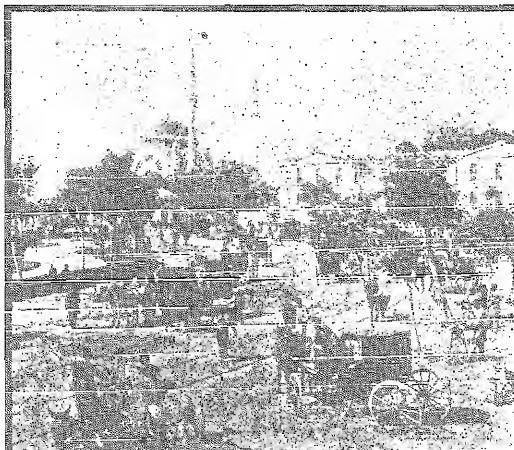
the Norwood Home, and are now well settled in life, had amounted to \$500 during the past year. The Chief's two daughters, Candidates Mary and Miriam Booth, also rendered musical service with violin and piano forte.

Chinese Captures in Java.

Encouraging news has arrived from Java by the last mail.

Ensign and Mrs. Berney, who are in charge of Batavia corps, are having converts among the Chinese, some of whom have courageously taken their stand as Salvationists.

In the same city a good number of Dutch military men have been converted at our Military Home, and are now enrolled as Salvationists.



View of Constantinople, Place de Dolma, Bagdad.

From Rembang, in another part of the country, comes the news that Adj't. and Mrs. Thomson are doing well among the Java fisher-folk there. The Adjutant is also breaking new ground in a number of surrounding villages.

The West Indian Commander at British Guiana.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay have recently paid their first visit to various parts of the West Indian command, and have been enthusiastically received everywhere they went. They have won the hearts of the people, seen many souls saved, and made the Army better understood all round.

In British Guiana the corps marched down to the wharf three times, but found that the boat could not get in till the next day. On the fourth occasion they had the joy of welcoming the Colonels, and marched with them through the streets of Georgetown to the gates of the Industrial Home. A large meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which the Hon. Garraway presided, and many notable persons spoke in favor of the Army.

"The Land of the Humming-Bird" Accords a Hearty Welcome.

At Trinidad a large crowd had assembled on the wharf to welcome their leaders. Stepping ashore they headed the procession to the Sailors' Home, where the Colonel, in a few choice words thanked the people for their

warm welcome, and Mrs. Lindsay prayed God's blessing on the town.

The following day was devoted to officers' councils and a public reception in the Baptist Church took place in the evening. The Town Commissioner, B. D. Horsford, Esq., presided, and in the course of his remarks said, "the Colonel's visit would not only encourage the Army, but also strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of all engaged in missionary and Christian work in Trinidad."

The Colonel spoke in hopeful terms of the opportunities the West Indies offered the Salvation Army, and of his intention to grasp them for the good of the people.

Barbados, Grenada, Antigua, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent were also visited, and good times are reported.

An American's Impressions of NORWAY.

The Norwegians have some splendid qualities of mind. They are not sprightly, like the French, but more steady and trustworthy; not broad, but fairly deep; not transparent nor superficial, very little demonstrative, and caring little for outward show. Religion is habitual. They have a mind which takes in moral relations and has a leaning towards religious exercises; these qualities are seen when on the many religious holidays in the course of a year, vast numbers move off to the churches. The Established Church, which is the Lutheran, does not possess the whole field, although all Norwegians are members of it and nominally under its supervision and its care; the Methodists and Baptists have many churches, and there is a sprinkling of Congregationalists and probably less than a thousand Catholics. The Mormons have their missionaries here, as have also others of our distinctive American sects.

As a religious force the Salvation Army stands probably next to the Established Church, and of course it is easily second in its social and philanthropic activities. In a number of the towns the saloons are operated by the city government, the profits all being placed to some good use in the city. Large annual contributions are thus made to our Slum Work in many of the towns, and it is a common thing for the poor authorities to turn over specially poor cases to our slum sisters. This branch of the work in Norway has the unqualified approval of the authorities and the people.

The thing which many think lies at the root of most of the difficulties in Norway is the poverty of the country, and the progress of the work is often seriously hindered by the lack of financial means of advancement. To an American, this seems the primary difficulty, but there are others of a much worse character, which often lie just before those who have enough and to spare, and hinder in a much more subtle and vastly more destructive way. The Norwegians are looking with longing eyes toward the solution of this problem of theirs, and would welcome a Carnegie, or a Rockefeller, gladly for the work's sake.

However, all things considered, the Salvation Army work here is in an advanced state of development, for in a population of little larger than Chicago it has eighty-four corps; nearly twice as many outposts (150); several hundred officers, and a large Social Work, consisting of Slum Settlements, Shelters, Rescue Homes, and other miscellaneous institutions. Besides all this a large, fine group of Staff Officers and soldiers unsurpassed in number and influence proportionately on the continent, give the Army a high standing amongst the religious organizations of the country.

With all the difficulties in view, we should say that in no country in the world has God more richly blessed the Army work, nor given it a wider influence.—May Bee.

The preacher who thinks only of the tastes of his people forgets his trust.

THE WAR CRY.

Young People's Page

Girdling the World with Rails.

Joseph Pellerin de Labouche, an eminent engineer of France, was the guest of the Mayor of Chicago. In speaking of how rapidly the world is being bound together by steel rails, and how certain it is that, within a few years, all the children of the earth will be able to be in touch with each other, he told the following interesting story—the story of the new railway from London to Khartoum. He said:—

"Within a few years we foreign engineers are satisfied that it will be possible to go from London to Khartoum, Egypt, by railway, with ferries across the English Channel, the Bosphorus, and the Red Sea. Taking your train in London, you will follow the regular route of the Oriental express through France.

"Thence you will pass to Southern Germany, to Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia to Constantinople.

"Thence you will cross the Bosporus into Turkey in Asia, and going southward to Aleppo, will pass on to Damascus and follow the east bank of the Jordan southward into Arabia, and so Mecca. At Jeddah, the port of the sacred city, a ferry will take the train across the Red Sea to Suez, Egypt, whence you will be carried via Cairo to the ancient and historic city of Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles."

"To demonstrate that this is not merely guess-work, I may say that the entire route has been surveyed, and a large part of the line into historic Biblical countries already constructed. When the entire journey is completed, it will occupy about five days, or the time that it now occupies to go from London to New York on a fast steamer.

"This new road will make accessible to all travelers and open to commerce the most interesting country in the world, except the Holy Land. It will follow the banks of the Euphrates to the land of Eden, the cradle of the human race, and touch nearly all the countries associated with the Old Testament.

"One of the Chaldees, the rulers of Babylon and Nineveh, and other most ancient habitations of men, will be found among the stations on the time tables, and Mesopotamia, which was once the most populous and most productive, and the richest section of the world's surface, will be reclaimed by the introduction of capital and labor and the restoration of the irrigation system which was destroyed many centuries ago.

"For transportation Mesopotamia now depends entirely upon caravans of camels, and a few small boats upon the Tigris and the Euphrates, and its commerce is comparatively small. Its area, according to the geographer, is one hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and the population about a million and a half, nearly all being Bedouin nomads, engaged in raising cattle and sheep, with only enough agricultural products to sustain themselves.

"In Biblical and even earlier days the plains and valleys of this wonderful Mesopotamian produced enormous crops, and are still capable of producing fine cotton, rice, and maize. The soil has a wonderful vitality and has lain idle two thousand years, accumulating plant nourishment. But, to make its new development certain, irrigation works must be introduced, and Sir William Willcocks, an Englishman, is now engaged in preparing a plan for them.

"In a report already made on the project, he confirms the statements of the Bible that the deltas of the Tigris and Euphrates, containing over 5,000 acres of land, now part swamps and part desert, were, of all the regions of the earth, most favored by nature for the production of cereals. He adds that all the summer products of Egypt and all the same winter products of that other land will flourish happily here; where the historic gardens of Babylon and Bagdad, once stood is a land whose climate will allow her to produce crops in tropical profusion.

"Into this new ancient land the great transcontinental railway is being projected, and one has a queer

sensation when he hears the land of Abraham, Melchizedek, and Zenobius discussed in this manner. But the railway through Chaldees is already an actual thing, and Mesopotamia and the other lands east of the Jordan are about to be reclaimed.

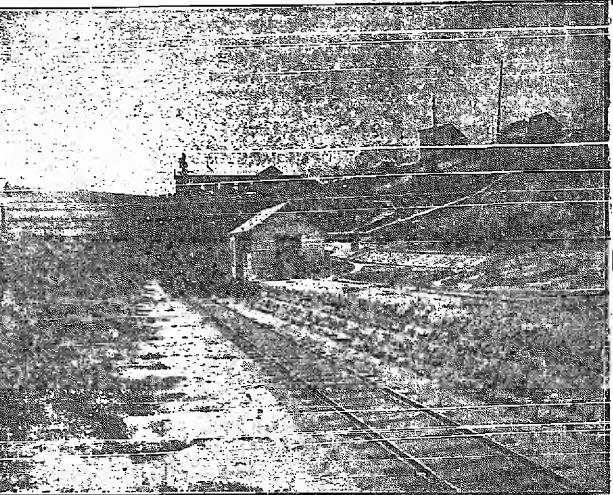
"The wild tribes now inhabiting these lands produce, through their flocks, a wool from which the Turkish and Persian rugs bought at auction are now made. Many a rug that you now walk over was woven in the mud huts of this region and shipped to Smyrna and Constantinople by camel caravans. You yourself can stand in Smyrna almost any morning and see the camel caravans coming into the city, each animal carrying two wool bales of three hundred and fifty pounds weight each.

"England, France, and Turkey are really building the now uncompleted portions of this railway, and I think that the entire line will be open by 1907, and one of the most famous regions known to Biblical

The tunnel is three miles longer than the St. Gotthard, and four miles longer than the Mont Cenis. It shortens the way between Calais and Milan by nearly eighty miles.

THE HIGHEST RAILWAY BRIDGE.

A notable engineering work is now being executed in France, and involves the construction of a viaduct crossing the Sioule Valley, near Vauriat. This structure known as the Fades Viaduct, when completed, will be the highest railway bridge in the world, the level of the rails being 134 ft. 7 in. above the bed of the stream. There are two granite masonry tower piers, which are founded on solid rock and rise to a height of 302 ft. These piers standing alone have the appearance of large obelisks, but their function is to support the three steel arches, which have the unusual lengths of 472 ft. 5 in. for the centre span, and 378 ft. for each of the flanking spans. The latter connect with masonry approach spans formed by circular arches. This bridge differs from other structures in the use of masonry instead of steel for the centre towers, and the use of lattice girder-deck spans instead of the arch construction of either masonry or steel, a favorite method of crossing such a valley.—*Engineering Magazine*.



Part of St. Clair Tunnel, under St. Clair River, between Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich., Grand Trunk Railway System.

history be thrown open to modern progress and railway trains. I am on my way to Egypt now to study further plans on the work."—Ex.

RECENT ENGINEERING FEATS.

The Simplon Tunnel was inaugurated by King Victor Emmanuel last month. The tunnel, the King said, was the result of fifty years of study, seven and a half years of labor, and an expenditure of nearly \$15,000,000.

The work began in 1892, and since then thirteen miles of solid rock have been pierced by double parallel bores, fifty-six feet apart, united at intervals by oblique galleries. The tunnel pierces the rock seven thousand feet below the famous Simplon Pass, through which Napoleon built his great trans-Alpine road, one of the greatest engineering feats of his day and generation. The lower terminus is at Brig, in the Rhone Valley, and the Italian end at Iselle. Chief among the difficulties to be overcome in the construction were the many springs of water struck.

The tunnel is three miles longer than the St. Gotthard, and four miles longer than the Mont Cenis. It shortens the way between Calais and Milan by nearly eighty miles.

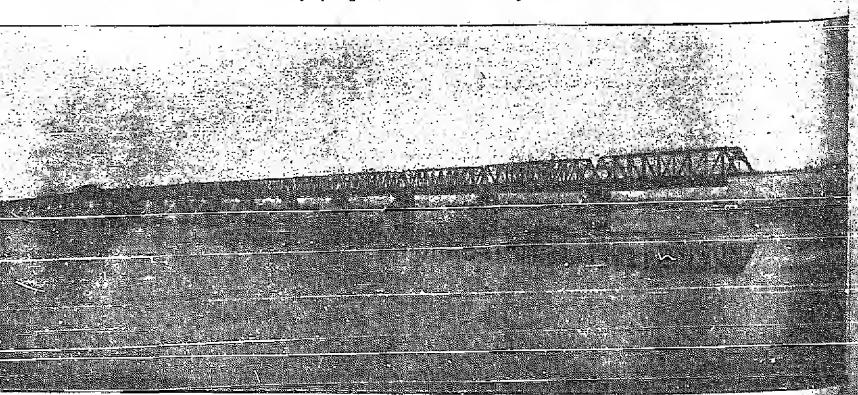
INFORMING PARAGRAPHS.

Preserved in the cathedral at Bangor, Wales, is a pair of old "dog tongs," which were used for ejecting quarreling dogs from church during service. A similar pair is preserved at Llanymynech, Wales, and bears numerous teeth marks.

The little village of Llanymynech, on the borders of Wales, boasts of an inn which is partly in England and partly in Wales. Thus one half of the building is subject to the Welsh Sunday Closing Act, while the other half is amenable to English law.

During 1904, 12,000 bulls were killed in bull fights in Spain. The bulls again killed some 16,000 horses. The best and most valuable bulls in the arena are raised on the vast estates of the Duke of Veragua, in Andalusia, who has made a fortune out of this business.

Chester possessed one of the most curious schoolhouses in England. Unable to find accommodation in the town, the Chester Education Committee got the metropolitan authorities to allow them the temporary use of a stand at a rental of £150 a year.



Victoria Bridge, over St. Lawrence River, Montreal. Two Miles Long. Grand Trunk Railway System.



Sunday, July 1.—The
2-14.
Monday, July 2.—Wr
17-30.
Tuesday, July 3.—Vine
Wednesday, July 4.—Ro
Thursday, July 5.—Zo
Mark x 46-52; Lu
Friday, July 6.—Parab
11-27.
Saturday, July 7.—Ma
56, xii. 1-11.

Praying

Why did our Lord
a life-long habit form?
Because he had no
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and intercession.
the need itself was
Father.

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between Calais and Milne by

RAILWAY BRIDGE.

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Valley, near Vauclair. This
the Fades Viaduct, when com-
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by circular arches. This bridge
structures in the use of masonry
the centre towers, and the use
spans instead of the arch con-
struction of either masonry or
a favorite method of cross-
such a valley.—Building Mag-
er.

A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

new scheme for a channel
which the Paris and Lon-
don Councils have been taking
is very different to the old.
The main feature is an open
duct debouching from the tun-
el on either side of the channel.
It is claimed, could re-
move any fears or prejudices, in-
such as it would be perfectly
y to destroy from sea or land
tunnel, which would start
in Dover, could be constructed
\$25,000,000. No fewer than
0 soundings have been taken
on the channel, and it was
that the strata was the
ne right across, and excellent
an engineering point of
w. The plans provide for two
ds, and it is estimated that
work could be completed in
or seven years. It is pro-
run electric trains, which it is
ulated could perform the
journey from Dover to Calais in
about twenty-five minutes. Eve-
ars being given to complete the
journey between London and
Paris.

NG PARAGRAPHS.

cathedral at Bangor, Wales, is
tongs," which were used for
dogs from church during ser-
cer is preserved at Llanymynech,
numerous teeth marks.

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it is amenable to English law.
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gain killed some 10,000 horses
available bulls in the arena are
ates of the Duke of Vene-
s made a fortune out of the
ns of the most curious school
able to find accommodation
ster Education Committee get
ties to allow them the tem-
a rental of £150 a year.



Special Subject of Prayer.—
Pray for great outpouring of the
Spirit to attend the final meet-
ings in Dufferin Grove Camp,
Toronto.

Sunday, July 1.—The Children's Saviour.—Mark x.
2-14.
Monday, July 2.—Wrong Riches Chosen.—Mark x.
17-30.
Tuesday, July 3.—Vineyard Laborers.—Matt. xx. 1-16.
Wednesday, July 4.—Real Greatness.—Mark x. 33-45.
Thursday, July 5.—Zacchaeus Would See Jesus.—
Mark x. 46-52; Luke xviii. 39-43, xix. 2-10.
Friday, July 6.—Parable of the Pounds.—Luke xix.
11-27.
Saturday, July 7.—Mary Anointing.—John xi. 55,
56, xii. 1-11.

Praying Like Jesus.

Why did our Lord pray? Because it was a life-long habit formed at His mother's knee? Because He had wants which called for a supply? These were reasons, without doubt, but they were never the chief reason of His hours of common or solitary prayer. So far, indeed, as we are admitted to the sacred ground of these hours spent with His Father, we discover that the chief place in His thought seems to be taken by thanksgiving and intercession. Yet even these are but forms of expression for His need in prayer; the need itself was for communion with His Father.

¶ ¶ ¶

It is true, of course, that our prayers in a manner spring out of our helplessness, and so we run easily to petition for our own instant need. At times it must be so. We must cast our cares on God, before we can think of His mercies or of the need of others. The clouds must clear before the sun can shine. So it was with Jesus in that dark hour under the olives of Gethsemane; so it must often be with us in our hours of temptation and distress. "Well for us then if we have behind us the life long habit of loving communion with our Father, which makes the true atmosphere of prayer."

¶ ¶ ¶

This must be the atmosphere of daily living before it can become the joy and spring of power in prayer. The true spirit of prayer can never be extemporized. As the child in school and games knows that his mother will be interested in all he does, and will ask about it when the evening comes, so in a more intimate sense it is given us to feel that our Father is the sharer of our common life, and that all we do is not only open but interesting to Him. Nor will this tend to egotism when in the hour of prayer we are alone with Him.

¶ ¶ ¶

In this atmosphere of communion, therefore, the way is soon clear for thanksgiving and intercession. Now, as we receive our daily mercies, is there not larger opportunity for giving thanks? Have we anything better than God Himself? Have we no great inheritance, and immortal hope; no promise of the presence of our Lord? And would it not be well if we were to think of God, as well as of our brother, as Christ prayed for Peter, we are putting ourselves in sympathy with God's own wish and thought.

Our Lord considered prayer one of the great opportunities of power. Is it not so, in God's own wish and plan, to-day? In the sphere of His Kingdom upon earth, it appears, He will do nothing without His children. But with us and through us He will do great things. It is for us to offer God's Spirit His own chosen opportunities.

¶ ¶ ¶

Would, then, that there was in every church a little group of people who lived so much in the atmosphere of God's presence that their own needs might be soon and simply told in prayer so that there might be time and room for the thanksgiving and intercession which made so large a part of the prayers of Christ. Such groups—such individuals—rejoicing in communion and persist-

ing in intercession, would be true forerunners of that time of spiritual refreshment which which we all desire.—Selected.

"Drifting with the Tide."

A workman met a lady the other day and asked him which candidate he had voted for at the last election.

"Oh, I voted for So-and-Sa, same as the other people in our street," replied the man.

"Why did you do that?" inquired the first.

"Did you think he was the best man?"

"No," answered the other slowly, "I don't know that I did, but as the people round us voted that way, I thought I'd like to be the same as the rest."

Not a very good reason, was it, for doing anything? And yet, if we really think about it, there are perhaps a good many of us who are a little prone to do the same. Some people have not the courage of their own opinions; they are afraid to be different from those around them, for fear of appearing singular.

But it is a bad thing to get into the way of letting others do all one's thinking. Even in worldly matters it is a flabby sort of person who never has a mind of his own, for we cannot always be certain of finding ourselves only under good influences.

The First Wave of Temptation.

The child who is easily led must be anxious to his parents, for if he always wants to go with the greater number, always wants to do what other people are doing, the chances are he may land himself in a difficulty one day, for none of us can hope to scrape through life without sometimes finding ourselves in the company of those whose lead would not be good one.

And however exemplary the conduct of such a one might be as long as he led a sheltered life, his good resolutions would be but too likely to get washed away under the first wave of temptation, like the man who built his house on the sand.

"All we like sheep have gone astray," sighed the prophet of old—sighing even then over poor human nature, which has always been but too ready to drift with the tide.

How important it is, then, to inculcate the young with good principles, and to teach them to hold firmly to them. Not to heap up rules upon them, binding "burdens grievous to be borne on their shoulders," but striving to put some backbone into them, such as will keep them firm amidst the many and great dangers of which the Bible warns us.

For he who only aspires to be the "same as the rest" in worldly matters, will certainly not have the strength of character to dare to stand alone in spiritual matters. He would be afraid of being laughed at if he had an opinion of his own. His poor little feeble principles would fade away under the first opposition, his weak defences would crumble up—conquered by a sneer.

But does not all this show us what a potent force example is? If so much can be done by the influence of one person's mind on another, what a responsibility is ours! What sort of example do we set to those round us?

The Force of Example.

A bad example may seem to win more followers because it is easier to slip downhill than to climb up, but a good example tells in the end for this very reason. If people see one person laboriously climbing up a hill while all the rest are lazily slipping down, they begin to think, "Well, after all, there must be something worth having at the top to make him go through all that to gain it." And so they pause to consider the matter, and if folks will once give themselves the trouble to reflect, that is a great step gained.

Besides, anyone who has the courage to do what is right in the face of opposition always wins the respect of his fellow-creatures in the end. We all admire strength in any form. And the strength of mind which leads a man to stick to what he thinks right in the face of personal discomforts cannot help but elicit

admiration even from those who oppose him.

So, since, if we allow ourselves to drift into the habit of not having an opinion of our own on everyday matters, it is apt to make us fall an easy prey to evil influences in things of higher nature, let us determine never to do anything for no better reason than just because other people do so, but to build our actions on a good, firm foundation of principle instead, and in all things, little or big, never mind what the people say, but do what we think is right.

Soul-Travail.

The over-heard closet supplication of Geo. Whitfield was, "Give me souls, or take my soul!"

Alleine, it is said, was infinitely and insatiably greedy for the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and preaching.

Matthew Henry said, "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul for Christ, than mountains of silver and gold for myself."

Doddridge said: "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides."

The death-bed testimony of the sainted Brown was: "Now, after nearly forty years of preaching Christ, I think I would rather beg my bread all the laboring days of the week, for the opportunity of publishing the Gospel on the Sabbath, than without such a privilege, to enjoy the richest possession on earth."

John Welch, often on the coldest winter nights visiting for prayer, was found weeping on the ground, and was wrestling with the Lord on account of his people. When pressed for an explanation of his distress, he said: "I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with them."

Ralph Waller wrote: "My greatest desire is for the salvation of sinners. Oh, for souls! souls! the salvation of souls! Oh, could I always live for eternity, preach for eternity, pray for eternity, and speak for eternity! I want to lose sight of man and see God only."

Two days before his death he said: "At Liverpool and Boston I appropriated one hour each day to pray for souls, and frequently spent the time prostrate on my study floor; in addition to which, at Boston, I held night vigils, arising to pray each night at 12 o'clock. I do not say it to boast, but it appears plain to me that the secret of success in the conversion of souls is prayer."

Brainerd could say of himself: "I cared not where I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls for Christ. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God."

It is said of William McDermott that he used to spend whole nights in prayer with John Smith, before those seasons of revival in which multitudes of sinners were won to Christ. It was said of John Smith that when he came downstairs in the morning his eyes were well-nigh swollen up with weeping.—Selected.

Heavy Shells from the General's Gun.

"Weakness is often more difficult to deal with than wickedness."

"A great leader often has to travel a road all alone with His God."

"Since I came to maturity, I have never stood in the open air to speak without saying enough to make men feel that there was salvation for them."

"I hope I am a plain, straight, conscientious preacher of heaven and hell."

"The love of the world and worldly things is out of harmony with the love of God and the things of His Kingdom."

"All true servants of God serve Him."

"Every true Salvationist ought to be a flame of fire."

"Fires of love burnt in the heart of Jesus Christ."

THE WAR CRY

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GAZETTE

Promotions—

Lieut. Lorrie Nelson to be Captain.
Lieut. Eliza Gowers to be Captain.
Lieut. Fred Hodge to be Captain.
Lieut. Priscilla Thistle to be Captain.
Lieut. Blair Taylor to be Captain.
Lieut. Maudie Davis to be Captain.
Lieut. Duncan Rankin to be Captain.
Lieut. Elizabeth Pearce to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

EDITORIALS

Sympathy. It is now well known, for ocean cables have girdled the earth with the welcome news, that on his return from an exhaustive Indian tour the Prince of Wales publicly summed up the need of India's 250 millions of living souls, by this one magic—we had almost said divine—word. **Sympathy.** He suggested that the one essential on the part of authorities in dealing with native races was sympathy; and on the other hand, the one thing likely to stir the Hindoo's heart and call forth a loyal response towards the Empire is—Sympathy.

This statesmanlike view entirely accords with the true Salvationist's principles. It is sympathy we want if we are to reach and win souls for Christ in whatever clime we find ourselves. Was it not Christ's compassion that first won our hearts to Him—that melted the stone indifference and callous neglect with which it had encrust us? As heralds of the cross, as ambassadors of Heaven's King, you and I must mirror the compassion for the soul of men and women we fain would win. It is the note of sympathy that will call into being again long silent memories, and tend to the human soul to receive the good seed of life eternal.

A "Humanist." It is said that the late Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, described himself shortly before his sudden death as "neither a Radical, a Liberal, a Conservative, nor a Socialist, but a Humanist." This is an age when new words and fads are constantly being coined. But in this instance it would be well if, in the broadest sense, more "humanists" made themselves known. The tendencies of the times lie in the other extreme—every man for himself; look after No. 1, even at another's expense; get even with the next man, and ahead of him if you can—the principle of grab rather than give. And when, as is bound to be the case sooner or later, the horrible disclosures of greed, selfishness, and appalling disregard of others' welfare come to light, the public mind receives a rude shock. It is well for us to be keenly alert to the devices of the enemy, and watch, lest we fall into the common temptation unawares.

The following extract appears so opportune that we cull it from one of our Army contemporaries:

The Commissioner Spends a Week-End AT OSHAWA.

Musical Festival in the Park—Great Meeting on Sunday Night in the Music Hall—The Famous Temple Band Discourses Sweet Music—Thirteen for Pardon and Consecration—The Commissioner the Guest of the Mayor—Loyal Welcome Home.

Oshawa was the last place on the list for the band, which had been on tour for two weeks. The bandsmen themselves, as well as the soldiers and people of the town, were delighted that the Commissioner had arranged to preside. Captain and Mrs. Hannigan, the officers in charge, had matters well in hand. They have toiled hard, and God has given them good success. The local band can now boast of eighteen pieces, and play very creditably. The corps has also made rapid strides under their leadership.

The opening service in the Town Hall, kindly lent, took the form of a musical meeting. The neat appearance of the bandsmen, their shining instruments, their happy faces, and beautiful singing and music, was an eye-opener to the Oshawaites. The holiness meeting, in the same building, on the Sabbath morning, was one of the best we have been privileged to attend. The Commissioner's straight-cut address brought God's people face to face with their duties and privileges. A remarkable prayer meeting followed, in which a number of men and women came forward and laid their all at Jesus' feet.

The afternoon service was held in the park, and but for the fact that the rain came down in torrents, would have been a great success. As it was a large crowd gathered round the

Deep-Sea Fishing. The best fish are found far beyond the shore line. We have to launch out into the deep to find them, and the present may be called the deep-sea fishing season. The summer months are the most favorable to open-air work, which is our deep-sea fishing ground.

Year by year our bold becomes tighter on the crowds that assemble in the streets. Our Gospel is better understood. Our methods are more acceptable. Why not organize these efforts, then, less and less as preliminary advertisements, and more as efforts within themselves for aiming at what we do indoors?

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

The Commissioner left for Winnipeg on Monday, June 18th, on special business. There are several matters of importance in connection with Immigration and Colonization that necessitated his departure for the west. Brigadier Howell accompanied him.

I have to announce this week the farewell of Brigadier Collier, of the New Ontario Division. For some time he has been complaining of ill health, and now has unfortunately collapsed, which is a cause of much regret. It was intended that he should have a furlough and still retain the command of New Ontario Division, but his condition is such that absolute rest is essential. We are sure his many friends will not forget to pray that God will speedily restore him to health again. He will rest a season at his home in West Ontario.

The successor to the Brigadier is Major Rawling, late of British Columbia. The Major has been holding on and rendering very valuable assistance to the Financial Department at Headquarters for some weeks, and has proved himself to be the right mettle as a D. O. in the West. We commend him to all the F. O.'s and soldiers of the New Ontario Division as a godly, reliable, and straightforward Salvationist who will do good work.

bandstand and listened most attentively to the magnificent program of music and song given by the band, and contributed \$30 to the work. The Commissioner sandwiched in here and there a word to the consciences of the people with splendid effect.

The night meeting was held in the Music Hall, which holds several hundreds. Its acoustic properties are excellent. The Commissioner was in splendid form, and much was crowded into that one hour and a half. The large audience sat spell-bound, and a goodly number remained until the close of the prayer meeting. There were four surrenders.

We are sure the visit of the Commissioner and the band has made a mark on the town for God and eternity. The bandsmen and visiting officers are grateful to the soldiers and friends who gave them hospitality. The Commissioner and his Staff were entertained by His Worship Mayor Fowkes, who is a staunch friend of the Army.

On arrival at the Union Station, Toronto, we were met by the Chief Secretary and T. H. Staff and Cadets. The band led the procession up to the Temple, where a halt was made in front of our Headquarters. We wound up with "God Save the King," after which the Commissioner gave the bandsmen his blessing, and thus concluded a very wonderful soul-saving tour, nearly 100 souls being brought to the mercy seat. To God be all the glory.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

His recent meetings will be held in Orillia on July 8th.

The "Kensington" is due to arrive in a few days with a fourth freight of human beings from the Old Land. This will be the last shipload under Army auspices this year, but all available space will be occupied on the various ships running to Canada, as the demand for transportation is very great, as also the number of applicants who desire to emigrate to this country under Army auspices. Colonel Lamb, in his correspondence, compliments the Army officers responsible for dealing with immigration in Canada upon the successful work that has been done this spring.

When this War Cry is in the hands of the public, the Camp Meetings will be in full swing at Dufferin Grove. This is a historic spot in connection with the Army's summer campaign, and we are anticipating that this year's will be away ahead of any that have preceded it. Our own Commissioner and Commissioner Cadman will be present at the meetings on July 1st, and we will certainly have a glorious day of salvation.

The return of the Toronto Temple Band was an imposing event. The Commissioner spent Sunday with them at Oshawa, and returned to the city on Monday morning. About 10 a.m. the band marched up through the city in their bright red uniforms playing excellent music, and caused quite a sensation among the business men and people who visit these streets at this time of the day. Outside the Temple they played to an interested crowd, who seemed pleased to welcome the band's return. The tour was very successful, and something better will be the result of this experiment next year.

Brigadier Smeeton, of the Pacific Province, has just conducted councils at Vancouver, the officers of British Columbia, with the exception of the Indian and Yukon officers being present. A neat pamphlet of the meeting was published as a program, and it is

that the councils style. We are interested to a report.

Brigadier Glover foundland for England quite sick, in their departure; and them to change "Ulunda" to the former ship did a doctor in St. John risk Mrs. Glover no medical aid.

The news concerning Brigadier's farewells an excellent impression. All the officers served him, and it is a comment that the his wife prevented the land. We hope in Great Britain.

In the meantime is well-known to He has obtained Newfoundland Province of strength to the communications are very complete show that he kept hold on at St. John his own responsibility during the absence Denial of Newfoundland a total of \$2,000.

Another item Newfoundland in Central School prepared and engaged just possible the mencined this year educational work growing apace.

It is gratifying who are sick in the hospital are regaining health from certain officers who time are improving to say that A. Cornish, who has affection stored to health threatened with, although several weeks' time.

In connection announcement that Fund has proved the past few months made upon it, we are constant comrades who have help that has hour of need.

Self-Denial a

Newfoundland with its Self-received at Province of writing aims with two corps targets are small, hope, our devotion will have raised last year and target set by.

Needless to say, devotion, and and soldiers achievement themselves, workers and soldiers of their liberating cause, increasing last year is no doubt the all some day, and servants will have this

in the Music Hall—The Pardon and Consolation Welcome Home.

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that the councils were conducted in good style. We are looking forward with some interest to a report of the various meetings.

Brigadier Glover has sailed from Newfoundland for England. Mrs. Glover continued quite sick up to the last moment of their departure; in fact, it was necessary for them to change their booking from the "Ulunda" to the "City of Bombay," as the former ship did not carry a doctor, and the doctor in St. John's thought it very unwise to risk Mrs. Glover on a ship where there was no medical aid.

The news containing the details of the Brigadier's farewell shows that he has made an excellent impression on the sea-girt isle. All the officers seem very loath to part with him, and it is a matter of great disappointment that the health of both himself and his wife prevented their remaining in Newfoundland. We hope to hear of their safe arrival in Great Britain.

In the meantime Staff-Capt. Morris, who is well-known to Canadians, is holding on. He has obtained a splendid grip of the Newfoundland Province, and has proved a tower of strength to the late Provincial Officer. His communications to Territorial Headquarters are very comprehensive and practical, and show that he knows his business. He has held on at St. John's L, in addition to fulfilling his own responsibilities, for some eight weeks during the absence of an officer. The Self-Denial of Newfoundland has reached a creditable total of \$2,069.

Another item of some interest concerning Newfoundland is the proposed erection of a Central School in St. John's. Plans have been prepared and estimates called for, and it is just possible that the school will be commenced this year. It is greatly needed, as the educational work of the Army in St. John's is growing apace.

It is gratifying to know that our comrades who are sick in different parts of the Territory are regaining health and strength. News has come from the Eastern Province that certain officers who have been sick for a long time are improving in health. We are pleased to say that Adj't. Thompson and Ensign C. Crish, who had a severe attack of heart affection a couple of weeks ago, are now restored to health. Adj't. Cooper, who was threatened with appendicitis, is also improving, although his condition will necessitate several weeks' complete rest.

In connection with this we are glad to announce that the new Sick and Wounded Fund has proved a very great benefit during the past few weeks. A great sum has been made upon it, but it has stood the test, and we are constantly receiving letters from comrades who have fully appreciated the regular help that has been rendered them in their hour of need.

Self-Denial a Brilliant Success in Newfoundland.

(Special)

Newfoundland is especially on the top again with its Self-Denial. The total returns received at Provincial Headquarters at the time of writing amount to no less than \$2,005.66, with two corps to hear from. If these two targets are smashed, of which there is every hope, our devoted officers, soldiers and friends will have raised \$2,069.66, being \$69.66 above last year and \$379.66 above the Provincial target set by the Commissioner.

Needless to say, the self-sacrifice, splendid devotion, and tell of our conquering officers and soldiers are responsible for this grand achievement. The outport corps excelled themselves, while the city of St. John's officers and soldiers gave a splendid exhibition of their liberality to the Army's work, increasing last year's amount by \$300.12. There is no doubt that the eternal record will reveal still some day, and these blessed, self-sacrificing servants of our Lord on the Sea-Girt Isle will hear "Hail, well done!"—Chancellor.

THE WAR CRY.

9

NEW ZEALAND'S LOSS.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE PREMIER, THE HON. RICHARD SEDDON, OTHERWISE "KING DICK"—A REMARKABLE PERSONALITY.

"It is the unexpected that happens," is a French proverb, and often a true one. The Honorable Richard Seddon was apparently a candidate for octagonian honors. Very heavily built, with florid complexion, and apparently of great strength, he looked a hale and hearty man. "In the midst of life we are in death." Lurking within was a tell disease, which took him into eternity in a few moments. The Premier had been visiting Australia. For several weeks he had received a flattering reception from brother legislators of both State and Commonwealth Parliaments, and from the people of Australia. When he sailed from Sydney on the "Oswestry Grange," he sent a message to the Premier of Victoria that he was going back to "God's Country" (New Zealand) and hoped that Australia would become as pleasant a place to live in as his "tight little isle." A few hours after he expired of heart disease in his wife's arms. Man proposes but God disposes.



THE HON. RICHARD SEDDON,
Late Premier of New Zealand.

"King Dick," as he was affectionately and sometimes ironically styled by the people of Maoriland, was a striking individuality, physically of very large proportions, mentally a magnetic personality.

He was formerly an engineer by profession—a working man. Subsequently he became a saloon-keeper in what is known as the west coast of New Zealand. He rose in political life very rapidly, and had been about twelve years the Premier of the Colony when he died. "King Dick" was a great imperialist, and made a distinct impression when he visited Britain some years ago.

Local Option has made great strides in New Zealand of recent years, against Premier Seddon, who has opposed it. There is every probability that it will triumph now that the strongest partisan in the islands has been removed from the arena of political strife.

Mr. Seddon and the Army.

The Hon. Richard Seddon was a great friend of the Salvation Army and an admirer of General Booth. On every occasion of the General's visits he took the platform and spoke in no measured terms of his confidence and affection for the Army's "Grand Old Man."

On the General's last visit to New Zealand, about fourteen months ago, the Premier conferred upon him the highest honor that the Government could offer—leave in the Parliament House. On the General's arrival in Dunedin, the Southern Metropolis, he received the following telegram from Mr. Seddon:—

"The Ministry cordially invites you to be present at a reception, proposed to be given in your honor at Parliament Buildings, on Saturday afternoon, 29th inst. I shall be extremely pleased to hear that your arrangements will permit your accepting this invitation. Kind regards.—R. J. Seddon."

The General replied as follows:—

"Please present my cordial thanks to the Ministry for its invitation for Saturday afternoon, acceptance of which gives me great pleasure.—General Booth."

Here is an extract from the report written by Colonel Kyle, our Chief Secretary, who traveled with the General as special correspondent.

The invitation was generally accepted by the public. All the members of the Ministry, the retiring Mayor, the Mayor-elect, Bishop Wallis (of the Church of England), the Jewish Rabbi, and about 650 of Wellington's leading people were present.

The Premier and the members of the Ministry waited at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament to receive the General on his arrival.

They Cordially Shook Hands

and conducted their distinguished guest along the corridors and into the lobby, where the people were assembled. The approach to the Legislative Chamber is a long room exquisitely decorated, and with panelled ceilings. At one side, in a recess, are two doors leading into the Government and Opposition whips' rooms. On the other side was a dais, to which the General was led by Mr. Seddon. The proceedings were official, but very simple. Mr. Seddon, who is known as a very hospitable host, made everyone feel at home, and delivered a good speech. It was a historical occasion, interesting, not only to New Zealand, but to the whole world where the flag flies. The aged General, with his silvery, white hair, was attended by his Staff, Commissioners Nicol and McKie and Colonel Lawley, standing upon the platform.

The Burly Form of the Premier

was next him, and surrounding were citizens of every rank, while Salvation Army Officers, male and female, moved in and out among the guests. The General, after speaking, remained upon the dais, while the guests filed past in a queue and shook hands with him, many of them having a word or two in passing.

Fourteen months ago, and now Richard Seddon is no more upon earth—gone to his reward. He has, no doubt, tried honestly to serve his country, and labor for others will not be forgotten by the August Judge, before whom Premier and plebeians must stand to give an account. Still, nothing will avail but the blood of Christ. It is not on works, great or small, famous or infamous, that we may do; our acceptance with God is through Jesus' merit. This sudden death of a well-known man should be a warning to all who read of it, that they, too, sooner or later, will have to answer at the same Judgment Throne.

Prison and Free Labor Report

For the Month of May, 1905.

Prisoners Prayed with and Interviewed	1,300
Discharged Prisoners given Employment	78
Prisoners Met on Discharge	77
Meetings held in Prisons	106
Prisoners Professed Conversion	123
Army Publications given Prisoners	1,423
Meals given Discharged Prisoners	124
Articles of Clothing given Prisoners	66
Food Paid for Prisoners	39
Night's Lodgings given Prisoners	193

Free Labor Bureau,

No. Poor Men given Permanent Employment ..	81
No. Poor Men given Temporary Employment ..	203

News Notes from Pacific Province.

By Brigadier Smeeton.

The far west is a great country; its possibilities and opportunities have been and are greatly advertised; its wonderful mining camps yielding coal, silver, lead, gold, etc., from Fernie to the Yukon, are famous throughout the world over, and have attracted representatives from all nations, whilst the marvelous scenery of mountains and lakes throughout the whole Province cannot be exaggerated—it certainly is a great country. The tide of immigration has hardly commenced to flow this way as yet, but there are possibilities in this direction beyond calculation.

Notwithstanding the above, let it not be supposed that from a Salvation Army standpoint this western land is a "land of Canaan"—far from it. The west offers a great opportunity for warriors of the cross, who love a hard fight, who can speak and sing of a Saviour's love with such earnestness and zeal that the man who is engrossed in his struggle for gold will be compelled to stop and think. The spirit of money-getting has the west in its grip, and predominates over every other interest. It is among such a people that the Salvation Army takes its stand nightly, and with music and song, in the power of God, endeavors to win souls.

The Kind of Officers Needed.

The west calls for enthusiastic and desperate lovers of souls. Of such a character, I am delighted to say, that I find the present western officers to be. It must needs be the case, for weaker ones fall in the fight and cannot withstand the temptations. Why, even during the past S.-D. effort, whilst out collecting, one officer was urged to leave the ranks and accept a good position at \$150 per month. But no, he preferred the poverty and sacrifice of an officer's life, with its glorious opportunities of winning souls, than anything the world could offer. We are engaged in a real fight, but God is with us and for us.

Our welcome meetings are just over. Every corps has been visited except those in Alaska and the Yukon. The officers and soldiers have fully justified the reputation of the west in their sincere and warm reception. We have made each other's acquaintance, taken notes of the needs and opportunities, and are now planning for advances. God bless the western warriors.

The Kootenay Country, on the whole, is prospering. At Fernie Capt. Traviss has had two years of glorious victory, and he is leaving a splendid band, in full uniform; organizing a band of songsters, and altogether has much to praise God for, in the success achieved. At Nelson a good work is progressing, and the comrades are a zealous band of workers. The band, especially, is a credit. Rossland is rather low, but we shall conquer. Revelstoke is going ahead, and is a most promising little corps.

On the Coast.

In this favored spot Adj't. Hayes is doing excellently, and many souls are being won for God. Unfortunately we have been compelled to vacate the old hall on Carroll Street, and have taken temporary quarters on Hastings Street, but we are hoping to acquire a citadel of our own in the near future. The work in Vancouver is a joy; the comrades are zealous for the Lord, and are fighting a good fight. New Westminster and Nanaimo are plodding along, and at Victoria God has been very gracious, and the prospects for a successful work are brighter than they have been for months past.

At the end of the present month officers' councils are being held in Vancouver, at which all our B. C. officers will be present. Many are changing appointments at that time. Adj't. Robt. Smith, of Alaska (who, by the way, is rejoicing over the advent of a son and heir) is expected, and some of our Yukon comrades may be with us.

After two years in the far north, the land of gold, the officers of Dawson and Grand Forks are looking for a change, and expect

to leave Dawson this month. They go on furlough for a much-needed rest after their hard and lonely labors on the gold field. It would be an "eye-opener" for some of the eastern comrades to be suddenly dropped down into the open-air meeting at either Dawson or Grand Forks. To stand practically alone, surrounded by miners—rough in appearance, but clever and good-hearted men, who in some cases have simply sacrificed all to get gold—and with such surroundings to sing and speak and pray. It is on such battle-fields that our consecration is put to the test, and our love for souls measured.

New officers for the Yukon will be appointed at once. The question is: Who will be chosen?

At Conrad City, near the Atlin Country, new mines have been discovered, and a "rush" is taking place. The founder of the city has offered us a city lot on which to erect our barracks, and you may depend upon it that the Salvation Army will be on hand when needed.

There are several new openings that could be made if only the officers were forthcoming. The harvest is great, but the laborers are wanted! Will you join with us in prayer that the Lord will speedily send workers to garner the harvest.

GEORGE FOX, The Red-Hot Quaker.

Chapter XV.

On Foreign Service.

"He led them on safely."—Psalm lviii. 53.

For some time previous to Margaret Fox's imprisonment, George had been in treaty with the captain of a ship for passage for himself and some twelve comrades for the West Indies and America. It had long been laid on George's heart that he ought to visit the Quakers in these places, and now, just as Margaret was released, the vessel was announced ready. She got to London a few days before George sailed, and went with him in the barge that carried him to Wapping, where he was to meet the ship, or, to be strictly correct, the yacht "Industry," bound for the West Indies. Here they took an affectionate farewell, committing each to the care of God. Parting for foreign lands was a very different thing in those days to what it is now, and the chances were that friends would never see one another again. The vessels were small, and generally leaky. The "Industry" was so much so that the pumps had to be kept constantly at work during her voyage. Then there were the much-dreaded pirates, which always swarmed on the high seas. There was also danger of drifting out of one's course, or being becalmed or becalmed so long that provisions would

not entirely cease in Massachusetts, and having been so cruel to the followers, what mightn't the Puritan "professors" do to the master, now that they had him in their territory? Altogether, it was no wonder that the leave-taking was a sad one.

Among those who accompanied George were John Stubbs, Robert Widders, William Edmundson, and Elizabeth Hooton, the first convert to Quakerism, now a very old woman.

Though the "Industry" had the reputation of being a very fast sailor, the voyage from Gravesend to Barbadoes took the greater part of two months. When they had been about three weeks at sea they had their first and only exciting adventure. One afternoon a large vessel was seen some five leagues away.

"It's a 'man-of-war,'" said the captain. "Come, let me go down to supper; and if it grows dark they'll lose us."

This he said in order not to scare the passengers, some of whom were very much frightened already. The vessel slowly but surely gained on 'em, George could see as he looked out of his cabin window, and at night the captain came to him and asked:

"What shall we do?"

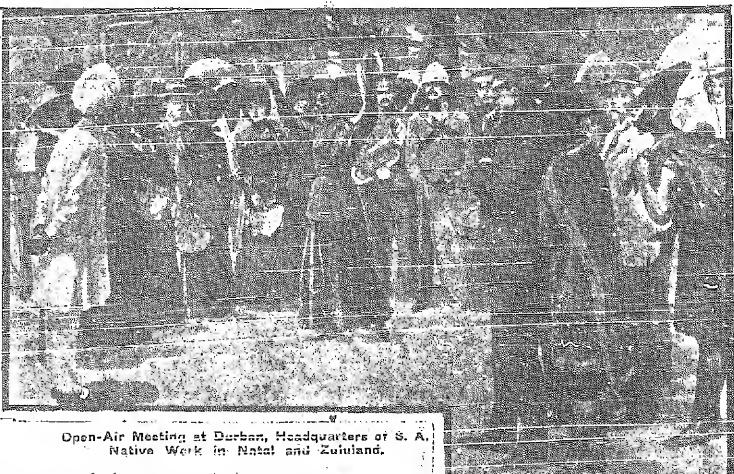
"I am no mariner," replied George. "What do you think best to do?"

There were two things they might do, the captain said, either outrun them, or tack about and hold the same course they were going when they met the man-of-war. George showed them that it was perfectly simple for the man-of-war to tack about too, and as for outrunning it, that was utter nonsense—the man-of-war was a much faster sailer.

"What shall we do, then?" the captain said. "If the mariners had taken Paul's counsel they had not come to damage as they did."

George told them that this was a trial of their faith, and that the Lord was to be waited on for counsel. Then, after "retiring in spirit," the Lord showed him that "His life and power was placed between us and the ship that pursued us." He told this to the captain, adding that the best thing to do was to steer straight by their right course.

"About the eleventh hour," George writes in his journal, "the watch called and said they were just upon us. This disquieted some of the passengers, whereupon I sat up in my cabin, and, looking through the port-hole, the moon not being quite down, I saw them very near us. I was getting up to go out of the cabin, but remembering the word of the Lord, that His life and power was between us and them, I lay down again. The captain and some of the seamen came again, and asked if they might not steer such a point. I told them they might do as they would. By this time the moon was gone down and a fresh gale arose, and the Lord hid us from them, and we sailed briskly on, and saw them no more."



Open-Air Meeting at Durban, Headquarters of S. A. Native Work in Natal and Zululand.

give out, and the crew and the passengers were reduced to starvation. The New England persecutions, in spite of the King's mandate,

Brigadier

I left St. and arrived Blaauwberg. Then to Hare Bay only nine hours up. Hopes of appeared as myself. testimonies gave an ex- by the Spring.

We had the night had prayer meeting of twelve our own be- mussels, but a fair rep- safely. May

Although Gambo com- rades can- drive that on pur- meetings, being 6 day to go to work. The paid, too. His Spirit souls sou- night. We real New- wind. At mid- leave for to reach meat. At quarter's walk we train was. Then we a waiting - said!" I as 5 a.m. Blaauwberg on the gravetown French & refection, night we seemed to pine, but n... Next day bush, we had to High letterbox for us, b could not the rain, but to re town ne gotten. bargain, soon made. We left Charlotte committed worthy turned up claimed in an early

The even Blaauwberg though s. We had wind again af- ford at 3 hours la. Next day while we driving a

Brigadier

Mayor a

It was when P. alread, in the Mayor's various on the Worshi als spok when. Since then, of the Arra castines in an epoch

THE WAR CRY.

II

Brigadier Glover Touring in the Gambo District.

I left St. John's by Thursday evening's express, and arrived at Gambo station at 3:30 a.m. Ensign Bishop met me, and we walked three miles to Middle Brook. Three hours later we boarded a punt to row to Hare Bay. The wind was contrary, and although only nine miles distant it took between eight and nine hours to get there. Lieut. Thorndike had given up hopes of seeing us, but was delighted when we appeared. It was the welcome of the D. O., as well as myself. The people gave us a nice reception. The testimonies were pointed and full of life. The Ensign gave an exhortation, and I had the privilege of reading from the Book of Life, and I believe was helped by the Spirit to inspire and bless the soldiers.

We had prayers with Sergt.-Major Collins' household the next morning; then we crossed the bay and had prayer in another comrade's house, with a master of twelve; then we walked across the swamp to our own boat and proceeded to Middle Brook. Fresh mussels, baked cake, and tea, in a small cove made a fair repast, and with more rowing we arrived safely. Mrs. Ensign Bishop welcomed us.

Although a very wet day, Sunday's meetings at Gambo corps were well attended. Some of the com-

rades came in from the drive, that is, from logging, on purpose to be at the meetings. This necessitated being off at 2 a.m. Monday to get back to their work. They were well repaid, for God poured out His Spirit upon us, and six souls sought salvation at night. We finished with a real Newfoundland hallelujah wind-up.

At midnight we had to leave for the train, in order to reach our next appointment. After an hour and a quarter's dark and dirty walk we found that the train was four hours late. This we had to pass in the waiting room. "Email said!" Boarded the train at 5 a.m. Reached Port Blandford. Took passage on the Dundee for Musgrave town. Capt. and Mrs. French gave us a hearty reception. The meeting at night was good. Conviction seemed to be upon the people, but no one surrendered.

Next day we started a four-mile walk through the bush, wet and rough, and reached a point where we had to light a fire to call the attention of the Charlottetown comrades, who would come across the bay for us, but unfortunately it was foggy, and they could not see the smoke. To add to our discomfort the rain pattered down, and there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps and go back to Musgrave town; needless to say, an experience not soon forgotten. We got wet through, and filthy into the bargain, lost a change of clothes and a good fire soon made a difference.

We left the Dundee the next morning for Charlottetown, and were hospitably received by our comrades, Capt. and Mrs. Sprackling and Capt. Noseworthy. The meeting was very good; a fine crowd turned up, gave great attention to the truths proclaimed, and there was an evidence of deep conviction in the hearts of some. We trust for results at an early date.

The next day was stormy, and we had to wait till the evening before we could venture to row to Pt. Blandford, and then it was found a stiff pull, although some Newfoundland rowers were at the oars. We had to put back and shelter at one point, as the wind and tide were very heavy, but they faced it again after a little rest. We landed at Pt. Blandford at 10:15 p.m., and found the train was about ten hours late, so we rested.

Next morning an important wire met me at Clarenceville, which necessitated going straight home, arriving about midnight.—N. Glover, Brigadier.

Brigadier Burditt Visits Prince Albert.

Mayor and City Council and Many Influential Clergymen Occupy the Platform, and Six Sculs Yield to God.

From Our Local Correspondent.

It was a memorable day at Prince Albert corps, when Brigadier Burditt, accompanied by Adjutant Alward, visited us. An afternoon meeting was held in the handsome City Hall, at which His Worship Mayor Bradshaw, together with the City Council and various clergymen, were present and occupied seats on the platform. In a most kindly speech, His Worship expressed his pleasure at being present and his sympathy with the Army work, and extended a welcome to the visitors.

Each of the clergymen followed along the platform, after which the Brigadier gave a most interesting and galvanizing address upon the Social Work of the Army, which opened the eyes of many as to the vastness of our opportunities. The gathering was an epoch-making one in the history of the local

corps. The Brigadier incidentally mentioned the building of the new barracks, which will be proceeded with almost at once.

In the evening the open-air meeting was attended by hundreds, who listened most attentively. The City Hall was well filled with a large crowd. Brigadier Burditt spoke on a rather extraordinary text in Ezekiel. As he portrayed the awful struggle of the drifting wreck against wind and tide, and the futile efforts of the "rowers" to avert the impending catastrophe, one could almost fancy they heard the roar of the breakers ahead, and as he clinched home his arguments and showed how many wrecks were drifting to death and eternal destruction, marred by the rowers of lust, pride, drink, worldliness, and fashion, a lasting impression was made upon the audience. Adj. Alward led the after-meeting and his loving entreaties were rewarded by seeing six dear souls (four men and two women) yield to the strivings of the Spirit of God.

Lieut. Leadman, who is going on furlough, said a few words of farewell. We wish her God-speed in her new sphere, and a speedy recovery to health.

Collections good. Soldiers enthusiastic and happy. God bless the Brigadier and Adjutant. May their cheery, bright, ringing voices soon again be heard here.



Capt. Kitchen, Lieut. Cunningham, and Mrs. Geo. Gare and Babe, of Stratroy Corps.

Eastern Events.

By Ranger.

The officers and soldiers of the Eastern Province will hear with regret of the serious illness of Adj't. Thompson. The strain and worry of the work of collecting for the new Rescue Home at Halifax proved too much for his strength, and he was prostrated with a bad attack of heart trouble about two weeks ago. Although slowly recovering, he is still far from well, and he will probably have to rest for some time before he will be in a condition to resume his work.

Colonel Kyle, Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, and Staff-Capt. Miller were in Halifax last week on business in connection with the Rescue Home. I understand that it has been decided to abandon the present building and purchase or build a suitable structure.

After spending about eleven months at Springfield, Ensign and Mrs. Cornish have farewelled. While they have had some very difficult spiritual and financial problems to solve, their stay in the corps has been honored and blessed by God, and as a result of their labors a number have been brought to Christ and made into blood-and-fire soldiers. The work has also been put on a good financial basis, and to all appearances a bright future is in store for the corps. Unfortunately, the Ensign's health has failed, and he is now seeking to recuperate at the Middlesex Home, Fairview. He expects, however, soon to be able to take another station.

A farewell meeting a large number of corps throughout the Province will take place on the 24th inst. "What will the orders be?" should be a very popular song for some time to come.

Ensign Paton, the Building Secretary, is at present in Windsor, making some repairs to the barracks of that corps.

Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Mills, of Halifax II, will have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their only daughter. The little one passed away last week, and was buried on Sunday, Nov. 1, and the corps uniting for the funeral.

Visit of Temple Band to Kingston.

We arrived in Kingston about noon, and spent the afternoon in sight-seeing, taking tea with the Kingstons' hand boys.

Large crowds gathered at the open-air stand, and enjoyed the music. Inside a goodly number attended the festival, which was greatly appreciated.

On Sunday we had a peddler day, God's presence being manifested. In the morning Colonel Pugmire spoke with great power, and we had the joy of seeing eight souls for sanctification and one backslider

crying to God for mercy. In the afternoon we went to the Penitentiary, and God's presence was felt and hard hearts softened by His power. Large numbers were in tears, and at the close of a soul-stirring time some fifty men responded to the Colonels invitation, where the Colonel led a musical festival. During the afternoon Colonel Pugmire presented to God the two children of Brother and Sister Smith, while the Brigadier dedicated the son of Bandmaster Christmas. At night huge crowds marched with the band to the Market Square, where we had a good time. Back to the hall the devil's kingdom suffered loss. Brigadier Turner spoke with great power, and numbers rushed to the mercy seat, and thank God, got what they came for.

Twenty-one souls sought salvation and eighteen for sanctification, making a total of forty-eight for the week-end. Finances excellent. Adjutants McElroy, Sims, and Jennings also gave valuable assistance. God is with us. We are in for great times. All's well.—F. P. Brooks.

Brigadier Smeeton Welcomed at Glen Vowell.

It is now some time since a report has been sent from this part of the field. Like Bruin, we have been snowed in during the winter. But now that navigation is opened we are launching out again to see what the world looks like.

The first river boat arrived April 25th, bringing with it most of our winter's mail. We hailed with delight the news of the wonderful progress the work has been making in the different parts of the battlefield. I am glad to say that the Lord has also been with us, blessing and prospering us. Our dear comrades are all in good spirits and progressing spiritually.

April 28th we were given a happy surprise by the unexpected arrival of our new Provincial Officer, Brigadier Smeeton, whom we understand to be at that time en route for Dawson City. He was accompanied by Staff-Capt. Hoy of Vancouver. Soon our little town was in holiday attire—flags flying and everybody smiling.

The Brigadier's welcome address was greatly appreciated. Sunday was a day of real blessing and inspiration to us all. The Staff-Captain's singing and banjo playing took the people by storm. The afternoon meeting was held in the open-air. Seats were arranged around the flag-pole, then the Brigadier proceeded to unfurl the beautiful S. A. flag, which our beloved Constitution so kindly presented to our town. The Brigadier's address on the colors was excellent. It was followed by a song from one of our little three-year-old juniors, Kathleen Vale, whom the Brigadier rewarded for her effort by a kiss.

In honor of our leaders, the comrades gave a wonderful demonstration of their old-time heathen customs and dress, and a number of the braves, posing as medicine men, performed the ancient heathen ceremony of pretending to drive out the evil spirit of one who assumed to be sick. As we witnessed this strange sight we could not but praise God for His marvelous power in bringing men from such exceeding darkness into His glorious light.

But, unfortunately for us, good things do not always last long, for only too soon the boat came sailing in, and we were compelled to say good-bye to our dear officers, but we all praise God for the great blessing they were to us during their visit, and with all our hearts we say, "Come again, Brigadier and Staff!"—Mrs. Adj't. Thorndike.

Brigadier Smeeton in Nelson.

By Captain Albert E. Baynton.

It was his initial visit in the capacity of Provincial Officer for the Pacific, and all looked forward to the event with deep interest. The train being late, the Brigadier arrived in Nelson at 9:30 in the morning. During the day some business in connection with the corps was attended to. At night a goodly number of soldiers turned out in time for the open-air, and to the strains of "We mean to fight and conquer" by the brass band, we marched out on the street corner. A few people were already awaiting us, and after a splendid audience gathered who listened attentively to the entire service. Of these a goodly number followed to the barracks. The Brigadier now intones "Let us sing of His love once again," and the grand old song is sung lustily by the audience. After prayer, the Captain, in a short address, officially welcomes the Brigadier to Nelson. As the Brigadier rose he received a hearty ovation from the audience. He then carried his audience with him over the appointments he had since last in Nelson, some seven years ago. During these few minutes we travel quite quickly—in thought—and commencing at Newfoundland we are soon back on the Pacific Coast. A few testimonies, a jubilee song by Nelson songsters, and the Brigadier, Bible in hand, deals out eternal truths that have a profound effect upon his hearers. Taking for his lesson Mark x. 17-27 ("the ease of the rich young ruler") the same is faithfully and beautifully dealt with, specially marking prominent the possibility of refusing the only chance of salvation. More anon.

The Salvation Army, in the course of twelve months, supplies 41,930 beds, and 7,347,754 meals in connection with its Social Work.

THE WAR CRY.



BRANTFORD. This week-end we had another eight New Soldiers. Other enrolment of recruits—eight more new soldiers made. The last two years we have added to our permanent roll book eighty-five new soldiers here in Brantford. "Oh, what a change!" The devil don't like that. We had a good Sunday. Much interest. The band did excellent service. They have the latest up-to-date music. At the memorial service of our comrade, Brother Garner, the citadel was packed out. It was very impressive, with special music and solo S.-D. target strashed.—Kendall.

BRANDON. God's saving power has been again manifested in our meetings, and seven souls have knelt at the mercy seat since last report. Our ranks have been strengthened by the coming to this city of several Old Country soldiers, one of whom is Sister Stride, who has been a Salvationist for upwards of thirty years. Two others are pensioners, who have come to us at a time when we needed them so much, to fill the gaps in our band—caused by removals and in other ways. Our energetic and devoted Bandmaster has been having practices every Monday night for an hour for learners, and we are glad to be able to report good progress is being made. In the not distant future a number of band recruits will be able to become full-fledged bandmen and band-lasses. Our comrades from the old land were welcomed to our corps in true Salvation Army style, and we trust God will indeed bless them in their coming to our midst, and to this country of great possibilities.—Chas. H. Bryce.

CHANNEL, N.F.L. On Sunday God's Spirit was with us from early morning till late at night, when one wanderer came back to find the joy for which she longed. This week we have had the joy of seeing two precious souls rejoicing in Jesus as their personal Saviour. Walter Winter Percival Pigani raised \$2 for S.-D., as also Edithine Josephine Pigani and the War Cry Sergeant \$10. Target smashed.—One who knows it.

GRAVENHURST. Again we have to praise God Lots of Paint. For His continual smile upon us, as He is still blessing and saving.

Last week we had the desire of seeing five souls for pardon and five for the blessing of a clean heart.

This week we are going to make great alterations in our barracks, and a building at least \$800 on painting, in order to make the same more attractive.—M. L. B.

HALIFAX II. During the past two months a Transformation, we have increased and free place in this corps. Many new faces are to be seen in the meetings and on Sunday nights even a seat is filled. The S.-D. target of \$200 has been smashed, a debt of \$20 paid off, and forty souls converted. The platform is full, and both inside and outside soldiers and converts are fighting desperately for God and souls. The Captain seems to be an inventor in the way of special meetings. Both he and Mrs. Hargrove are able speakers, and backed by the Holy Spirit, their words seem to burn their way into the hearts and minds of the people. We thank God and feel we owe Headquarters a debt of service we can never pay for having sent them to No. II. Our prayer is that we may be faithful and prove ourselves worthy of our blessings. We are united, and determined to have victory.—C. M.

HAMILTON II. We are having good times at No. Seven Souls. II. The past week has been a blessed one, and we rejoice with the angels over seven precious souls—four for salvation and three for the blessing of a clean heart. We are also glad to report victory in our S.-D. effort. Capt. Magwood and Lieut. Patrick are doing well. Their singing in the open-air meetings is proving a great blessing to many.—H. Simpson.

HANTS HARBOR. Things are moving right direction, Sunday, at 6 a.m., with two Bros. King, we started for Smith's Harbor, three miles distant, to conduct meetings. Got a right good welcome, this being our first visit, and a large crowd turned up to see us. In our meeting there were some who had never attended an Army meeting before. They are very desirous of getting an officer. We had a good time there. At night one soul gave up sin who had never sought salvation before, and many more were under deep conviction. We believe the time is not far off when a corps will be opened up, and there will be a band of devoted soldiers in full uniform there.—Capt. H. Wilshire.

INGERSOLL. A wedding day, much talked of for some time, came at last. The barracks was gaily decorated with banners, mottoes, etc.; tables loaded with provisions, and the Woodstock band, with officers and soldiers, came up

for the occasion. A monster march is formed, headed by Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrove, our Provincial Officers, to the Opera House, which is soon filled by an expectant crowd. The Brigadier, who is an adept on such occasions, soon has the large crowd singing with all their might. Then all heads are bowed while an officer engages in prayer, after which the songsters render beautifully that old and yet inspiring song, "Ready with the wedding garment on." The Brigadier's forcible address follows, and Mrs. Brigadier Hargrove reads to us the Scripture lesson. After the Woodstock band had favored us, the Brigadier read the Articles of Marriage, and asked the bride and groom to stand forward; thus Brother James Pittcock and Sister Edith French are united in matrimony. May God bless them both. The banquet took place in our own barracks, and was largely attended and entirely successful. The groom is held in high esteem both by his comrades-in-arms and fellow-workmen.—John H. Lightowler.

KENTVILLE. We are still on the up-grade here. Working Hard. We had an enrolment of recruits, who are taking their stand well. We have smashed our target of \$30, going \$40 over. When we first came to the corps there was quite a big debt upon it, but with the help of the people we are in for clearing it off. In a few weeks we hope to have a clean sheet.—Lieut. Smith.

LIPPINCOTT. The meetings throughout the week were times of blessing. On Saturday, evening the whole of the meeting was conducted in the open-air. Adj. Hahirk sang and spoke very feelingly in the Sunday meetings, and Mrs. Staff-Capt. McLean made an earnest appeal to the unsaved. During the prayer meeting Dad Stratton fished out a sinner under conviction and led him to the patient form with great rejoicing. A little girl also known at Jesus' feet for pardon. On Monday several of the comrades went to Riverville to repeat the "Prodigal Son," and it proved to be a most successful and pleasing entertainment.

MONTREAL IV. We are glad to be able to report progress in the east end of Montreal. We hand out the Gospel in the open-air meetings to both English and French, the result being an awakening interest in our meetings. We have also started a band, with four instruments and a drum. Bandmaster Baker and his family came out from the Old Country lately, and he is working hard to get up a good band in our corps. We have the need, and only need instruments. Many persons appear to be under conviction and we are believing for a number of souls to get saved shortly.—P. D'Albenas, for Ensign Coy.

NEWMARKET. Saturday and Sunday, A Training Home Trip, June 2nd and 3rd, will long be remembered by the populace of this place. It was the occasion of the visit of Adj. Smith, and Cadets Hedberg and Pittenden, who gave a splendid service of music and song, and conducted Sunday's meetings. Every meeting was well attended, including knee-drill. The soldiers rallied to the open-air, which were the "feature" of the day. The people responded liberally to the collections, and altogether great good was accomplished for the Kingdom. One backslider returned to the fold.

NEWCASTLE, N.B. We are having victory Many Comers and Goers, and proving Jesus to be a conquering Saviour. Capt. Hamilton, who was suddenly called home by illness, came back and spent the week-end with us. The meetings were times of much spiritual blessing. God came very near. In the holiness meeting the Captain spoke to us on the lines of Christian charity with much liberty. We realized that God was speaking to us through His servant, and the hallowed memories of that meeting will linger long to inspire and encourage us to push on in the battle. The Captain's mother's health had been improved, he had to return to his home, amid the regrets of the comrades. His godly, consistent life had won him many friends, who will always be glad to hear of his success. He had the satisfaction before leaving of sending in the full amount of the S.-D. target (\$125). Praise God for v'n'g. Capt. Glen, who had been to Richibucto, accompanied by Capt. Ritchie, of P. H. Q. and Sister Grace Wright, returned home on Wednesday; reported a good time, and good collections. On Tuesday Ensign Campbell, out T. F. S., gave us a lantern service. In three parts, "Perpetual," "Chalk Your Own Door," and "Called Forth." The views were exceptionally fine, and the descriptive lecture very interesting. Capt. Glen is holding the fort alone in true warrior style, and pouring red-hot gospel shot in the ranks of the enemy. We are marching on to victory.—Fanny.

NIAGARA FALLS. We have just had a visit Two Souls, from Adj. Smith and seven Cadets, from the Training College.

The week-end meetings were a great success, the building being packed to the doors and a crowd standing outside. The audience was delighted with the singing of the Cadets, especially that of Cadet Hedberg, from Sweden, who made a great impression

by giving a song in his native tongue. Two souls sought forgiveness.—Scotty.

OTTAWA I. On Sunday evening, June 3rd, Eleven Souls, five souls sought and found pardon, and in each of the following Saturday and Sunday night meetings we rejoiced over three souls, making eleven in all. One who returned was an ex-bandsman. On Sunday afternoon last the child of Brother and Sister Girtord, lately arrived from England, was dedicated to God and the Army. In the evening Bandmaster Harris and Bro. Evans received a grand reception to our corps. Capt. Adair farewelled the same night, after several months' faithful service. We shall miss him very much, but wish him success in his future appointment. One of the pioneer members of our corps, Bandmaster John Duncan, has, by his own request, been transferred to No. II. corps, likewise Bandsman Fellowes. We are sorry to lose them, but we wish them success in their new sphere of labor. —Albert French.

PALMERSTON. We have just had a Well-Appreciated Visitor, our new G.S.M., Agent A. Well-Appreciated Visitor, our new G.S.M., Agent Ensign Edwards. We enjoyed his visit fine, and only wish he could stay with us. We had some beautiful meetings and we believe much good was done. His beautiful talks to us will not be forgotten for some time. We are all encouraged to go on with more zeal to fight for God than ever. The comrades turned out well to hear the Ensign. Marches and open-air were well attended, and good crowds came to the inside meetings. One soul came out for consecration, and many were convicted. On Monday night the Ensign gave his lantern service entitled, "The Way to Heaven," which everyone enjoyed, and no one should fail to hear this, as many a good lesson can be taken from this service. Come again, Ensign.—Yours pressing on, O. R. C. E. E. T.

PARLIAMENT ST. All day on Sunday we had a Two Souls, good time, and the Spirit of God strove with the unconverted. In the evening we held an open-air on Wilton Avenue, where a good crowd assembled to hear us tell of Jesus' love. In our salvation meeting at the hall we had the pleasure of seeing two precious souls saved, —Bessie Orr.

PETERBORO. Last Saturday and Sunday will long be remembered by the Peterborough people, because we were favored by a visit from the famous Temple Band of Toronto. Their musical ability and taste were noticeable and well appreciated. They could also pray and testify; therefore they were a great blessing to us in many respects. Brigadier Turner and Adj. McElroy had charge of the meetings. Twelve souls were the visible results of the day's fight. The music was a treat. All the meetings were well attended, and appreciative comments were everywhere heard. On Sunday night a musical festival was given under the able leadership of Bandmaster McGrath. Sunday morning Brigadier Turner gave us a good and thoughtful address on "Subjection," and we hope that many will look to their own besetments more, and seek to be victorious over self. In the afternoon a good musical program was rendered; both bands united played, "Come to Him." At night the theme was salvation, and nine souls sought the Lord. Another musical program was given between nine and ten o'clock.—Cambridge.

PICTON. We have been favored with a visit of Colonel and Mrs. Kyle to this beautiful part of Canada. The Colonel was much charmed with the appearance of the country while coming through on the train, also with the town of Picton itself. "The Garden of Prince Edward." The Colonel led us on in old-fashioned style, and a very enjoyable and profitable time was spent. One backslider returned to the fold. We pray that our beloved Chief Secretary may give us a return visit soon, and can assure them a hearty welcome.—Ash and Sutter.

Visit of Chief Secretary. with a visit from Colonel and Mrs. Kyle, accompanied by our Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Moore. Although the weather was very warm, a good number gathered at the barracks at the appointed time to give them a welcome to Picton. This is the first meeting we have had since the departure of the

REGINA. I am glad to report continued Three Souls, less, and there is no doubt that T. H. Q. will need to supply us with a larger barracks, as the present building is too small



Lieut. Folly and Cadet Barry, C. company, S.D.

The Sergeant
to accommodate welcomed to come from England States. Mitchell, Pictor, corps, ranks, as is furlough, and will be a great on Sunday evening word. Brigadier Leader, the for the night spite of a cold ending with

ST. CATHARINE.
Marching On

steadily more colors flying, cheering and taking part surprised by receiving many battle field to part with a great blessing Tuesday night cream souffle and as we be we determined ciples and be to use and to precious blood

C. M.

STRATFORD.
Knee-Drills
and Bandsman, and Northfolk, W. Stratford, in well, who have gone on The League Mrs. Henderson sisters are taught and Donald is passed and we went meetings we thing Stratford go on. A w

TRITON.

One Soul. n
worked hard our S.D. in seeking par-

Dear Editor,
Having just joined your corps, I wish to do my best during the period as Capt. Newell, from all else their earnestness went the rank respectful regard were good and highest respect.

During the evangelical many people plenty to do the masses to where they held several meetings the whole day, all visited.

We visited were most little. Glad story of

THE WAR CRY.

13

souls. Two soul's
soul, June 2d,
and found pardon
of the following
meetings we re-
aching eleven in
ex-handsman. On
Brother and Sister
and, was dedicated
young Bandmaster
a grand repast
the same night.
We shall make
less in his future
members of our
has, by his own
II. corps, likewise
to lose them, but
sphere of labor.

We have just had
new G.B.M. Agent
us for the week-
end his visit here,
us. We had some
much good was
not be forgotten
to go on with
the. The comrades
Marches and
good crowds came
came out for com-
ited. On Monday
a service ended,
one engaged, and
many a good letter
come again, Ensign,
E. T.

Sunday we had a
the Spirit of God
unconvinced. In
Wilton Avenue,
to hear us tell of
at the half we
cious souls saved.

and Sunday will
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because we were
from the famous
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fore they were a
pects. Brigadier
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appreciative com-
Sunday night a
the able leadership
morning Brigadier
rightful address on
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musical program
played. "Brown
station, and nine
musical program
clock.—Garrison.

I have been favored
his beautiful part
which charmed with
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Colonel led us
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ish and Salter.

list from Colonel
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This is the first
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no doubt that T.
upply us with a
ding is too small.



The Sergeant-Major and Family of Newmarket Corps.

to accommodate the crowds on Sunday. We have welcomed to our midst Brother and Sister Chambers, from England, also Brother and Sister Ackerman, Sister Mitchell, and Brother Goodwin, all from the Victor corps. They are valuable additions to our ranks, as is Capt. Livingstone, who is on extended furlough, and whose experience in salvation warfare will be a great blessing to us. He took the lesson on Sunday evening (3rd), when we all came forward, Brigadier Butler, Adj't. Alward, and Lieut. Leidman, the latter from Prince Albert, stayed over for the night on the 4th, on their way east, and in spite of a soaking night, a good meeting was held, friend, Paddy.

ST. CATHARINES. Praise God because we are Marching Orders. Not suffering defeat at the hands of the enemy, but are steadily marching on, with our drums beating, our colors flying, and our bugles sounding the charge, cheering the lagging ones, picking up the wounded, and taking prisoners as we go. We have been greatly surprised during the past week by our dear officers receiving marching orders for a far distant part of the battle field. Needlers to say, we were very sorry to part with Capt. and Mrs. Laidlaw, who have been a great blessing to both saint and sinner. On Wednesday night, the 6th inst., we held a farewell ice cream social in our hall, which was a grand success, and as we bade them good-bye and God bless you, we determined in our hearts to follow our principles and be true to our new officers as they come to us, and true to Christ, Who has saved us by His precious blood, and Who keeps us by His mighty power.—M. D.

STRATFORD. Stratford corps is marching—Knee-Dr's Using Up. on to victory. We have welcomed from the Old Land Bandman and Sister Colgate, late of Battersby corps, Mr. Bandman Colling and wife from Diss, Norfolk. We have also another "Stratford" in Stratford in the person of Brother G. from Hanwell, who plays a slide trombone. Our knee-drills have gone, one from one and two to sixteen and twenty. The Lady of Mercy is not lagging behind either. Mrs. Heron is still the faithful leader, and now stands an active part in the good work. Self-Denial is not an easy task. The soldiers worked well, and we got \$25 over last year. The Commissioner's meetings were a tremendous success, the biggest thing Stratford has known for years. Still we must go on.—A. worker.

TRINTON. On Sunday, May 6th, we opened our One Soul, new barracks. Great credit is due to the soldiers and kind friends, who have worked hard in building it. We have smashed our S.D. target, and can also rejoice over one soul seeking pardon.—Louie Hebditch, Capt.

Our Mail Bag.

Dawson.

Dear Editor,—

Having just returned from a visit to the Bonanza corps, I wish to express my appreciation of the work done at the Banks by Capt. Andrew and Capt. Bass during the past year. It was indeed very cheering as Capt. New and I passed along the creek, to hear from all classes of people words highly commanding their earnestness and spiritual fervor. Wherever we went the raised cap of the youngest school boy and respectful recognition given as by the older people were good evidences that the lasses had earned the highest respect.

During the winter season our officers were the only evangelical preachers on the creek, and although many people had left the place, they still found plenty to occupy their every moment. They reached the masses by putting on their moccasins and going to where the masses were. Cabin meetings were held several miles on each side of the Banks, and the whole country for miles around was systematically visited.

We visited the Sunday schools at the works, and were more than pleased as we saw over a score of little Klondykers discussing with the officers the story of the child Samuel. Here again the superior-

ity of well-saved teachers was easily seen, in the effect upon the pupils.

The adult meetings were marked by a deep spiritual earnestness which could not fail to be impressive. Capt. New rendered valuable services, both vocally and with his violin, during our stay, and had charge of the Sunday night meeting, to the profit and delight of all. On the whole, we had a helpful trip, and returned to Dawson cheered to know that such a good work was going on in our sister Klondyke corps.

Yours in His name, Brother Mahon.

A Newfoundland Irishman Writes to the Editor.

Dear Mister Editor,—

See I to myself, I'll write to the new Editer, and send respects of Dido, an' tell 'em how the kore is from me observation. Thee doin' what they call Self-De-Niglet down hear. The Adj'dent, Brown be name, an' a fine man at that, tolle the solgers that Self-De-Niglet was on, and give 'em pretty cards and things for to go hol'din'. Well, Mister Editer, 'ds them as done well. They went right over their tarkight and smashed him. Then them children done grate, they was at it spry like. Little Brown, Billie be name, was the smalier Kegler, an' got de most, a doer and tirty cents. I herd 'em say. Things was real lively for a spert. The pep'l is beginnin' to go to the fishery for the summer. They had a soochabel the other night, and give me a glass of surip and kakes, an' the zonofoung (I spos' that's what it's called), singin' that speaks, I tell ye, Mister Editer, 'was terrible gud. Then they had a jauer demonstration, it was fine, and spry, children done gralt things. The meetings is refreshin' an' Gud me gud. It is hard to say wat Adj'dent 'll have next, but you'll hear from me agen.—Your sympathisen friend, Paddy.



THREE GONE FROM GRAND BANK.

Mr. William Butler, promoted to Glory from a schooner's deck.

Sergeant Hickman, a deaf mute, passed to the land of many mansions on the night of the funeral.

And the Child of Brother and Sister Cocker goes to the Gloryland while the father is out on the "Bank."

Death has again visited Grand Bank, and within twelve days we have laid beneath the sod "the worn-out feters" of three whose souls have winged their flight into eternity.

On May 11th, a schooner from the "Banks" home in sight, and quickly the news spread "A dead man from Grand Bank on board." Consternation seemed to enter every home, lest it be "our father or brother." Thus, it was a father of a large and almost helpless family, Mr. William Butler, whose kindness as a husband and father is well known by all. Heart failure while at work in his schooner, proved to be the cause of death.

Now who witnessed the sorrowful procession to and from the S. A. sitadel can ever forget it. May we not here ask that earnest prayers of every reader for the sorrowing delicate wife and family.

The eldest boy, only seventeen bravely went to the skipper of the very craft on which he witnessed his father's death, and begged him to take him back for the summer, that he might take his father's place in providing for his dear mother and little ones. The very night of Brother Butler's funeral our deeply-respected comrade, Sergeant Charles Hickman, aged seventy years, passed into the light of the "many mansions" to which his heart had so long aspired.

Being a deaf mute, his striking testimony of motion and partially formed utterances can never be forgotten by those privileged with hearing and seeing them. The motion of that dear old hand from the clenched fist to the direction in which he expected to take his flight, the rapture that sometimes lighted those eyes to some common intelligence, were clear evidences of how God's Spirit can convey His truth to the heart of one never privileged with either reading or hearing, read the wonderful story of Calvary. Very seldom, if ever, in the thirteen years of his soldier experience did he miss an opportunity of thus witnessing for His Lord.

In his two appointments, first as Color Sergeant, and in later years as Property Sergeant, he was truly faithful.

The funeral service will long be remembered as a time when "Jesus, lover of my soul," came in answer to that sweet hymn-prayer, all so dear to every soul.

The memorial service, too, will long be remembered as a time of blessing and power. Adj't. Sparks spoke with power and effect, and the testimonies of the comrades, and the solos that were rendered, all united to make lasting impressions on all.

Heart-felt sympathy is felt for the sorrowing family, especially the absent ones, of whom Mrs. Ensign Clark, now of Tweed, Ont., may be mentioned. May the Eternal Father, whose o'er-shadowing

wings shelter the sorrowing, help them to feel His unfailing sympathy.

The last of this trio is the two-year-old child of Brother and Sister Cocker. Sad indeed will be the intelligence conveyed to the father on the "Banks." At time of writing he knows nothing of his loss, we suppose. May He who reigns still in His great heart those sweet forms which for a time He lends to earth, comfort the stricken hearts of both parents.—Yours in Him, Lillie J. Bryenton, Capt.

The Striking Testimony of Mrs. Brabaw, of Wallaceburg.

I was born and trained in the Roman Communion, retaining membership for over thirty years. Our dwelling was a considerable distance from the church, so my husband and I attended some evangelical meetings held near our home, feeling that no harm could result, seeing our souls were thirsty for the things of God. In one of these I received my first impressions concerning the new life in Christ, and the Word of God was sown in my heart.

The preacher dwelt especially upon the necessity of the new birth, and expounded so clearly the third chapter of St. John's Gospel that a deep impression was made upon my mind.

I made fast time in the way of the Lord. The work of my awakening, conversion, and conversion, from first to last, was through the Word and the Spirit of God. I was not trying to change my religion, but I was seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness—nay, more, I was in search of the King Himself.

I had been taught that outside my church there was no salvation; but now I found out that outside Jesus Christ there is no salvation, and God, who made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands (Acts xvii, 24). I knew it would break my dear mother's heart if I should step out of the church, but how inexpressibly dear the Kingdom became to one who leaves all to follow Christ, our Great High Priest.

The desire of my heart was to save my soul; but, oh, the days of anguish and soul-travail! that followed night after night for two weeks, it was indeed a struggle for light and liberty. The foundations of my old beliefs began to give way, and the more I thought and prayed the more unsettled I became. When finally the light dawned on me, it was like the breaking of the day.

The reading of the Word of God was a revelation, opening up a new world. It proved living and powerful, "sharper than any two-edged sword, a disposer of the thoughts and intents of the heart." My conversion was not a mere change of opinion or creed, it was the entrance into a new life.

In the simplicity and anxiety of my heart I sat at the feet of Jesus, and learned of Him; and it was at this point where the new life in Christ presented such a strong contrast to the old life of forms and ceremonies. I have proved by experience that nothing can satisfy the soul but Divine reality, and this I found in Him Who said, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." Jesus tells us how we may become partakers of the Divine nature through coming to Him. "I am the bread of life." He says: "he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." As I listened to His voice, I heard Him say, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast bid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes."

Although I was very happy in my new experience, I had not counted the cost nor considered what the outcome would be when my parents and friends learned of the change. My dear father was very affectionate towards his children, but his wrath waxed hot against me on hearing of my conversion, but I had learned to rejoice at persecution for His name's sake. Since then I have passed through many trying experiences, but the precious words of Jesus have been a solid comfort to me. He says, "He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him and will manifest Myself to him".

I can testify also, with Paul, that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. I realize also the force of the Apostle's testimony, "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me." So intensely interested did I become in the Old Testament stories that I would sit up very late at night reading about Abraham, Joseph, and Daniel. I became quite a Bible reader, and can say with David, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

I trust my testimony will be a blessing to some soul. God grant it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Note.—Our sister has become a valiant worker in the corps, and collected some \$50 towards the recent S.-D. effort.—Ed.



Mrs. P. Brabaw,
Wallaceburg.

THE WAR CRY.

War Cry Honor Roll.

THIS WEEK'S CHAMPIONS.

Lieut. Thistle	400
P. S.-M. Mulcahy	332
P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward	250

Ver hab maintained ver honors ob last week, an' de hours is still fresh an' green on ver noble brows. me honies, an' vat is ob equal interest is de fak dat seberal more boomers is a climbin' up arter ver, wid creditable zeal and determination. If private advices am dependable, I hears de Sydney champion am movin' on, an' de Thistle will be found bloomin' wid de lily an' rose on de island. 'Fore long, Ias a hoin' some good crittus will katch her mantle afore



How does i strike you?

she salls, an' yet dunno I do—eons I'd like her to wear it still to keep de heat off, an' continue de exploits. Maybe she kan n' a way ob cuttin' it in instead ob wun in future, halts, so dat derell be the

Eastern Province.

55 Boomers.	
Lieut. Thistle, Sydney	400
Mrs. Capt. Hargroves Hall, Halifax	190
Capt. Holden, Charlottetown	170
Lieut. McKivey, Moncton	160
Norman McVicor, Glace Bay	150
Capt. Forsey, Sydney	130
C.-C. Culhoun, North Sydney	125
Capt. Hargroves, Halifax	125
Capt. Greslade, Yarmouth	120
Lieut. Andrews, Dominion	120
Capt. Emery, Springfield	115
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	115
Lieut. Smith, Kentville	110
Lieut. Gilkinson, New Glasgow	110
Sergt. Smith, St. Georges	110
Capt. Daizell, Truro	100
Mrs. Capt. Urquhart, Campbellton	100
Sister Beck, Kentville	100
Capt. Tatam, St. John	100
Mrs. Adj't. Wiggins, Halifax	100
P. S.-M. Caslin, Halifax	100
Capt. Vandine, Somerset	95
Capt. Bassingthwaite, Liverpool	95
Ensign Clark, Halifax	95
Capt. Galway, St. Stephen	90
Ensign Miller, Woodstock	90
Lieut. Rows, St. John	90
Ensign Newell	90
Capt. Jaynes, New Aberdeen	85
Capt. Bruce, St. John	85
Lieut. Taylor, Carleton	85
Capt. Redmond, Dartmouth	80
Yarmouth	75
Mrs. Jewett, St. John	70
Ensign Clark	70
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ONLY ONE KIND AND THAT IS "OUR OWN MAKE."

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; believed lost, as far as possible, among women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Committee, "Missing Friends," 100, St. James Street, Montreal, Quebec. Letters from the public should be sent if possible, to deliver evidence. In case of reported loss, persons desired to be investigated, with the address, an estimate of time lost, and name of person who made the inquiry, should be given. Other relatives and friends are requested to speak rapidly through this column, and notify the Committee, if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

5451. MCKIM, WILLIAM. Age 26, height 5ft. 9in., dark hair, blue eyes, missing about twelve months. Last known address, Montreal. Sister inquires.

5454. O'CONNOR, JAMES HENRY. Able seaman, age 28, height 5ft. 7in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Has not been heard of since 1882. Was then in St. John (N.B.) hospital. News wanted.

5455. BURGESS, JOHN. Age 26, height 5ft. 4in., dark hair and eyes, ruddy complexion. Has not been heard of since June, 1895. Grandmother anxious. Last known address, Prince Albert, Sask.

5456. HUTCHISON, WILLIAM HALAN. This lad left Gimmeque Junction on the 2 a.m. east bound train on June 1st. Was a telegraph operator. May have gone to the States. Mother very anxious. Height 5ft. 9in., dark complexion, black hair and eyes, stout build, hands not used to hard labor. May possibly be in Toronto.

5458. MOORES, HARRY. Age 30. Came out from the Old Land in May. Supposed to have gone to Winnipeg. Friends anxious.

5459. SAVAGE, HENRY. Age 34, height 5ft. 10in., brown curly hair, blue eyes. Last heard of in Winnipeg, about four years ago. Brother anxious.

5460. POULSEN, S. C. Baker. Left Denmark in the winter of 1892-93. Last known address, in 1518, Wellington New Zealand. Father is dead. Please answer this ad, and you will hear something to your advantage.

Second Insertion.

5451. BANTER, WILLIAM. Age 44, height 5ft. 7in., light blue eyes, coal miner. Missing about four years. Last known address, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. Sister enquires.

5456. BURNET, MARIA E. Left England several years ago. Came to Canada with sister five years ago. Went to the Home at Niagara. Last known address, Toronto. Was then working for Neutman & Fraser, Picture Gallery.

5458. FRIAR, MORGAN L. Came from the States to Canada some four or five years ago. Brother very anxious. Has important news.

5459. GASKILL, SARAH A. Last known address, Fall River, Mass., U.S.A. Between 60 and 70 years, medium height, dark complexion, may be grey now. News wanted.

5467. HARDER, ARNOLD LEWIS. Age 21, most likely tall, fair hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion. Came to Canada five years ago. Missing since March. He was a homesteader. In December last, in Saskatchewan.

A BARGAIN.

A second-hand Guitar, in very good condition, with case. Offered at \$20. At \$5 to the Editor.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 65 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 116 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 12 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 218 Daly Ave.

Montreal, Que., 460 Ste-Catherine St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 60½ St. Antoine St.
St. John N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 45 Cottengam St.
St. John's, Nfld., 25 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 468 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1834 Pender St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Master.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

W.H. officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Buderus & Ewoldt, 23 Albert St., Toronto.

T. S. F. APPOINTMENTS.

Capt. W. Harder—Montreal V., June 20, July 1;
Montreal IV., July 2, 3; Montreal V., July 5, 6;

We have a few Sets of PHONOGRAPH RECORDS of the NEW PRIZE MARQUES in Stock, \$3.00 for Set of 8, or 30c. each. Order right away. They are splendid quality, and reproduce the music of the renowned International Staff Band beautifully.

Trade Secretary, 5. N. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings.

DETAILED PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, JULY 1.—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER in Command, assisted by Commissioner Cadman and T. H. Q. Staff.

DOMINION DAY, MONDAY, JULY 2.—3 p.m., Covenant Service, led by THE COMMISSIONER, assisted by Commissioner Cadman and T. H. Q. Staff. 6:30 p.m., Salvation Meeting, 8:45 p.m., Limelight Demonstration; Moving Pictures. City Corps United.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.—8 p.m., Brigadier Southall.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.—8 p.m., Brigadier Howell, assisted by Salvation Bell-Ringers. THURSDAY, JULY 5.—8 p.m., Brigadier Taylor. 8 p.m., Women's Demonstration, led by Mrs. Colonel Kyle, assisted by Women Staff Officers.

FRIDAY, JULY 6.—8 p.m., Colonel Kyle, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.—8 p.m., Cadets' Foreign Demonstration, led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SUNDAY, JULY 8.—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER in Command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, JULY 9.—3 p.m., led by Colonel Kyle. 8 p.m., Great Wind-Up, under the presidency of THE COMMISSIONER. United Corps and Bands, and T. H. Q. Staff.



LORD, GIVE US SOULS!

Tune—N.B.B. 219.

Lord, for a mighty revival we plead,
Lord, give us souls!
Thy saving power in this meeting we need,
Lord, give us souls!
Quicken our hearts by the Holy Ghost's power,
Pour out Thy Spirit, a great, mighty shower;
Oft sin the sinner convicts, Lord, this hour,
Lord, give us souls!

Let every heart on this object be set,
Lord, give us souls!
Help us to pray till the answer we get,
Lord, give us souls!
Give us the faith that will let let Thee go,
Faith that says "Yes!" though the devil says "No!"
Lord, Thy salvation in this meeting now,
Lord, give us souls!

Lord, we believe Thou art coming to save,
Lord, we believe!
Floods of salvation and power we shall have—
Lord, we believe!
Souls shall be truly converted to Thee,
From all the bondage of S. can be free,
Made into soldiers to fight for Thee,
Lord, we believe!

GET RID OF SIN.

Tune—N.B.B. 135.

O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee,
No longer can I from Thee stay;
Break every chain, now set me free,
Take all my sins away.

Chorus.

Take all my sins away,
Take all my sins away,
O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee,
Take all my sins away.

By hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come, and for ever seal my breast;
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

Weary I am of embed sin,
Oh, will thou my soul release?
Enter and speak me pure within,
I'm Thy perfect peace.

I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee,
Thy promises just now I claim,
Thou are enough for me.

AN OLD CAMP FAVORITE.

Where is now the good Elijah?
Where is now the good Elijah?
Where is now the good Elijah?
Safe in the promised land.
He went up in a fiery chariot,
He went up in a fiery chariot,
He went up in a fiery chariot,
Safe in the promised land.

Chorus.

By-and-bye we hope to meet him,
By-and-bye we hope to greet him,
By-and-bye we hope to see him,
Safe in the promised land.
When we meet we'll sing hallelujah,
When we meet we'll shout hosanna,
When we meet we'll sing for ever,
Safe in the promised land.

Where are now the Hebrew children?
They went through a fiery furnace,
Where is now the prophet Daniel?
He went through a den of lions.
Where are now the twelve apostles?
They went up through persecution,
Where is now poor suffering Lazarus?
He went up to Abraham's bosom.
Where are now the conquering martyrs?
Then went up through fire and torture.

JOY-BELLS RINGING IN YOUR HEART.

You may have the joy-bells ringing in your heart,
And a peace that from you never will depart;
Walk the straight and narrow way,
Live for Jesus every day,
He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

Joy-bells ringing in your heart,
Joy-bells ringing in your heart,
Take the Saviour here below,
With you everywhere you go;

He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

Love of Jesus in its fulness you may know,
And this love is those around you sweetly show;

Words of blindness always say,

Deeds of mercy do each day,

Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

You will meet with trials as you journey home,
Grace sufficient He will give to overcome;

Though unseen by mortal eye,

He is with you ever nigh

And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

Let your life speak well for Jesus every day,
Own His right to every service you can pay;

Sinners you can help to win,

If your life is pure and clean,

And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

THE FOUNTAIN FOR SIN.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from my Saviour's veins,
And sinners ploughno beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Ever since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lipless, stammering tongue
Lie silent in the grave.

WILL HE SAY ME NAY?

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and come."
Be at rest!

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound prints,
And His side.

Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!

If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

SOLO.

Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?
(Re-printed by request.)

I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land
I shall reach when the sun goeth down,
When, through wonderful grace, by my Saviour I stand.

Will there be any stars in my crown?

Will there be any stars, any stars in my own,
When 'at evening the sun goeth down?
When I wake with the bliss in the mornin' of red,
Will there be any stars in my crown?

In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray,
Let we watch as a winner of souls,
That bright stars may be mine in that glorious day.

When His praise like a sea billow rolls.

Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold,
Living gems at His feet I lay down,
How sweeten my bliss in that city of gold,
Should there be any stars in my crown?

COMING EVENTS

THE GREAT DEDICATION SERVICE

at which the Cadets, now in Training,
will be

COMMISSIONED FOR THE FIELD
will take place at the Temple

Monday, July 16th, at 8 p.m.

conducted by

THE COMMISSIONER

Commissioner Cadman
will be present at the

DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETING
on July 1st and 2nd.

Commissioner Cadman
accompanied by BRIGADIER TUDOR,
will give His Life-Story at

PETERBORO Wednesday

MONTREAL I Thursday

(City corps will unite.)

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHER

There are a few vacancies at Head Office, Toronto, for young people who are good typists. Shorthands and Typists required. Improvers who have not yet become thoroughly competent. Young people, both sexes, children of officers or sons of liberty to apply. Write to

The Chief Secretary

"so Albert St."

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